

WRECK  
OF THE  
RAINIER

A SAILOR'S NARRATIVE

*Humphrey, Omar J*  
*111*

By O. J. H.

WITH PREFACE BY ROBERT REXDALE

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## PREFACE.

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THE author, one of the officers of the American ship "Rainier," has endeavored to tell the story of a memorable shipwreck among the South Sea Islanders, and has not sought to invest his narrative with fictitious interest. A sailor naturally approaches a subject bluntly and to the point, and in this characteristic is found much of the writer's charm. "The twinkling stars and silvery moon," as his vessel speeds on through the night, lend enchantment to his thoughts, until, as he says, it seems grand to be a sailor! Yet the hardships, the perils, the longings for loved ones at home, are all forcibly depicted in his account of their stay among the savages. The officers and crew of the "Rainier" numbered thirty-two, but the ship's company received a welcome addition in the person of the captain's daughter, who had recently married the first officer and looked forward to a happy voyage with her husband and father. The cabin had been handsomely fitted up for the bridal party, and provided with an elegant piano, the gift of the bride's parents. Alas! through what trying scenes was the young wife destined to pass, ere she would again see home and kindred dear. The "Rainier" was built at Bath, Maine,

by Messrs. A. Sewall & Co., in the year 1883, and was a fine ship of two thousand tons burden. Soon after being launched she proceeded to Philadelphia, thence to take her first cargo to the port of Kobe, in Japan. Misfortune seems to have attended the ship thus early, for while lying at her moorings in the Delaware, a large English steamer collided with the "Rainier," badly wrecking her hull and delaying departure for the Mikado's kingdom. It was not till August 12, 1883, that the canvas was spread for the voyage, and the ill-fated "Rainier" sailed away nevermore to return.

ROBERT REXDALE.

WRECK OF THE RAINIER.



## CHAPTER I.

### BOUND FOR JAPAN.

To the sailor, the first night at sea always seems the longest and hardest, even though it may be a calm. And so it was with the officers of the American ship *Rainier* on that memorable night of August 12, 1883, as they sailed away from Delaware Bay, bound for the Japanese port of Kobe.

The breeze, which on leaving the Cape of Delaware had been moderate, increased rapidly, and the cold, drizzling rain which follows a southwest breeze commenced to fall, while the low, fast-flying scuds gave promise of a "dirty night." The sea sickness which generally comes to the inexperienced made some sad hearts wish themselves at home with loving parents and kind friends. Toward midnight the royals and top-gallant sails were snugly furled, and ere the sun rose above the distant horizon, the good ship was under single reefs and running before a fresh W. S.W. gale. After the sun had passed its meridian the gale commenced to abate, and by sundown all sail was set and the ship glided smoothly through the water.

After several days of baffling winds and light airs, came the northeast trades—gentle at first, but in a few days increasing to fresh breezes and lovely weather. None but the mariner knows how welcome the trade winds are to the storm-tossed sailor, for they mean pleasant weather, with no worry or care.

The sailor knows, as he steals his little nap on deck without fear, that the wind is steady and that there are no sails to furl and no yards to brace.

The deck officer, as he paces up and down the quarter deck, throws care aside; and while thinking of home and friends, builds castles so high they seem immovable. Suddenly his reverie is broken by the shrill cry of the lookout on the forecastle head, "Light ho! on the starboard bow!" Quickly gazing into the darkness, he sees the green light of some homeward bound vessel, and his thoughts revert into their old channels.

The twinkling stars and silvery moon lend enchantment to one's thoughts, until it seems as if it were indeed grand to be a sailor. The trade winds, moreover, are the sailor's heaven, if he has any; for with fresh winds and pleasant weather all is peace and quietness, and the work goes smoothly on.

Two weeks of such weather and the breeze falls lighter, until at last the doldrums\* are reached. Not a ripple is to be seen. The sea looks like glass, with a long, undulating motion, which makes the sails slat against the mast as the ship rolls sluggishly in the trough of the sea, and seems to say

"I have sailed my best, I want to rest."

It was now that ill luck presented itself to the Rainier. Day after day passed with only catspaws of wind, and the heat under the tropical sun became unbearable.

Sometimes the sharks or dolphins would swim around the ship and hooks would be baited and thrown overboard, generally with good success. One night the mate threw over the shark hook baited with a large piece of salt pork, and after waiting some time with no signs of a bite he hauled it in and found the pork missing. He concluded some sly shark had been the thief, and after getting a fresh piece lowered the hook a few feet below the surface and waited the result, which came in a short time. A large shark came up from under the ship, and as the monster turned to take the pork, its white belly could be plainly

\*The doldrums, or "horse latitudes," are so called by old West India captains, who, when carrying horses to the West Indies, would often get becalmed, and the water and feed giving out, they were obliged to throw the horses overboard, as a sort of propitiatory offering to Neptune.

seen from the taffrail of the ship. Then with a quick jerk the hook was fast. The watch were called, and in a few moments the shark was hoisted on deck. The tail was then cut off and thrown overboard. Superstitious sailors believe that when a shark is seen or one follows in a ship's wake, some one on board is going to die, and to break the spell the shark must be caught and the tail cut off.

Now and again a puff of wind would send the ship along, and at last the equator was crossed thirty-five days out, and the southeast trades wafted the ship onward.

The islands of Trinidad and Martin Vas were sighted. They are two solitary, barren islands of volcanic origin, rising abruptly from the ocean's bed, and on which it is almost impossible to land unless the sea is very smooth. The southeast trades freshened with pleasant weather, which lasted some ten days, and the ship passed the 30th degree of south latitude, when the trades ceased to blow, and after a few days of calm, with baffling winds from all points of the compass, the brave west winds of the southern seas commenced to blow with unusual strength.

After the 45th degree of south latitude was reached, the ship was headed to the eastward for

a long, straight course of 6,000 miles across the Indian Ocean. During this long run the gales were numerous and of long duration, with snow and hail, and at times it seemed as if the sea would engulf and conquer the good ship.

One night, during a heavy gale with snow and sleet, the weather grew unusually cold, giving to the captain a seaman's warning that icebergs were near. The weather being thick, all sail was shortened to lower fore and main topsails, and the ship's head brought to the wind. It was then that the force of the gale was fully realized. The great sea was plowed into gigantic, white-ridged furrows by the strength of the gale, and the whole surface, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with a drift of blinding spray from the crests of the surging billows. All hands were kept on watch, that the ship's course might be changed should any icebergs be seen, for to strike on such a night meant destruction to all on board.

The morning dawned, and the weather being clear enough, the yards were squared and the ship continued to run before the wind. Toward noon the weather warmed up, and the captain knew the ship was clear of ice. Sickness then commenced to show itself among the ship's company. The sailors were the first to complain,

and at one time six seamen were down with some unknown disease supposed to be caused by the smell of the coal oil with which the ship was loaded. The heavy westerly gales continued to blow, the Rainier making good tide, with a fair prospect of a quick passage, and 4,500 miles were covered in twenty days.

November 15th, during a heavy southerly gale, a sail was made ahead, and under a heavy press of canvas we gradually gained on what at first seemed but a mere speck on the horizon. On near approach it was discovered that the vessel was bound the same way, and it was indeed a welcome sight, as no sail had been seen for many days. The stars and stripes were flung to the breeze from our signal gaff, and in a few moments were answered by the American flag, with the ship's flag letters underneath. On looking at our signal book, we found it was the American ship *Pactolus*, Capt. Burnham, which sailed from New York a few days previous to the Rainier, and was bound to the same port. Captain M. was well acquainted with Captain B., and amid the dipping of flags and waving of handkerchiefs, the Rainier sailed away, till in a few hours the *Pactolus* was lost to sight astern. The Rainier, being a new ship, carried a much heavier press of can-

vas and made better weather, although the heavy sea would strike her at times with a force that seemed as if it would crush in her decks.

November 20th, that land "ten thousand miles away" was sighted on the port beam; the land about which so many songs have been written, "Botany Bay," "Convict's Return," and others; the land which has had no welcome for the many who have landed on its shores. But to the Rainier's crew it was a grand welcome, for the ship's course would then be changed to the north, and with a few days of good winds the ship would sail into warm, pleasant weather, and the sickness might disappear.

Everything that was possible was done for those who were sick, but as fast as one got well another would be taken down, until nearly all the ship's company, excepting the mate and captain, had been sick. This had so weakened the crew that the captain decided to stop at Norfolk Island for fresh vegetables. After several days of pleasant, baffling winds, the southeast trades were reached, which continued light with fresh squalls. November 28th, Norfolk Island appeared as a mere speck on the horizon during the afternoon, but the wind being light it was not until two o'clock the next morning that the ship was near enough to send over a boat.

Norfolk Island is a solitary island rising from the ocean's bed at a great depth, with no outlying islands except a small one about one-fourth of a mile from Norfolk, called Phillip Isle, connected by a ridge of land under the water to a depth of seven fathoms, on which ships can anchor in smooth weather, although the currents are very strong, eddying about both islands. Phillip Island has no vegetation except small or short grass and some undergrowth, and is inhabited only by rats and rabbits, which are extremely plentiful. Norfolk Island is situated in latitude  $29^{\circ} 0'$  south, longitude  $167^{\circ} 46'$  east, the nearest land being Australia, which bears southwest some nine hundred miles. The island was formerly used by the English government as a penal servitude island for colonial convicts, and some of the most harrowing outrages were committed there, known only to those who are acquainted with the extreme cruelties practiced on the unfortunate convicts. So hard were they made to work, being heavily manacled with chains, that life became a burden, and some convicts discovered that the bark of a certain tree, after being soaked in water and applied to the eyes, would produce blindness. To this many resorted to keep from working, but the secret was finally found out and the originators suffered the death penalty.

The island is six miles long and about four miles wide, with abrupt shores and no landing except on the southeast side, where a small jetty of stone had been built in the shape of a horse-shoe; and a boat, when making a landing, watched for a chance and run in on the high breakers, gliding behind the jetty into smooth water and landing on the rocks, men hauling the boat high up on the shore to keep the heavy swell from smashing it. The elegantly paved roads and the large stone and cement prison, soldiers' barracks, and officers' quarters, gave evidence of the laborious work done by the convicts; and although soon falling to decay, they caused many a poor man to feel the sharp tingling as the heavy lash descended. No mercy was shown to the good or bad; no compassion was manifested toward the poor convicts in distress.

Owing to the heavy expense to the colony, the island was abolished in 1859, and Queen Victoria then offered it to the descendants of the British man-of-war Bounty mutineers, at that time living on Pitcairn's Island in the South Pacific, 3,000 miles east of Norfolk. Their numbers having increased, a larger tract of land was needed, and they being a closely-connected, religious people, desiring to live by themselves, this island was

offered and accepted by only sixteen, but since emigrating there their numbers have increased to four hundred souls. They are a strictly religious people, all attending the same church, and the children the same school, the Queen having sent a minister and teacher to the island. They have no government or laws, but one of their number is elected each year to settle any dispute that may arise. The island is claimed by the English, and so the British flag is their flag, although most of the articles imported are of American manufacture, such as harnesses, carts, tobacco, etc.

The island is one of the finest in the southern seas. Almost everything abounds in plenty, with vegetables of every description and fruits of every clime. Strawberries grow the year round, and are as large as a hen's egg. Oranges are of enormous size, as are onions, yams and bananas. Coffee and sugar are also raised for home consumption. Until within a few years the islanders have had no communication with the outside world, but at the present time they are sending some of their products — such as wool, hides, and vegetables — to the island of New Zealand for sale, the money being used to educate their children abroad, although all of the inhabitants are well educated and fine conversationalists.

The stay at Norfolk Island can better be told by Mr. H., the first officer, in his own words, as follows: —

“It was about 2.30 o'clock on the morning of November 28th, that I was awakened from my sleep by the second officer informing me that the ship was now within a few miles of Norfolk Island, and the captain's orders were to lower away the long boat, as he was about to clew up light sails and haul up the courses and stand off shore. So quickly getting on deck and having all hands called, the orders were executed without delay. The long boat was manned and lowered away, and jumping in myself, we were soon on our way to land — the first that we should step on for one hundred and ten days. It still being quite dark, the island looked like a great black cloud, but on near approach the roaring of the surf as it dashed against the cliffs and rocks warned me to proceed cautiously. Gradually pulling up until the line of breakers could be distinctly seen, we waited patiently for daylight, which seemed a long time coming that morning, amusing ourselves by firing off pistols and guns, which we had brought with us, and being answered by the barking of dogs, giving us to understand we were intruding upon their domain

and that we had arrived at the land of the living. As daylight came, the outlying rocks could first be seen; then came that rugged line of breakers through which we must pass; next the white tops of the houses appeared to view, and as the sun rose above the horizon the scene was magnificent, and for a time we were lost in admiration and wonderment that so lovely a place should exist in the middle of the wide, dreary ocean, and so far away from civilization. My attention was arrested by a loud cry from the shore, and I observed a man on horseback waving his hand, directing me to a safe place for landing. Pulling along the line of breakers for some distance, I saw a small jetty and observed the man on the horse to stop, and also a large number of men and children had assembled together. So I made up my mind this was the place to land, or at least to try to do so, as I doubted much of being successful in passing through such a formidable line of surf. After waiting some little time watching the run of the seas, I gave the word to pull strong and steady, and as we advanced to the surf it seemed destruction to the boat, and a good wetting if not loss of life to the occupants. On near approach a huge sea came rolling in, and the boat's stern rose on the boiling, seething mass, glided with great rapid-

ity on its white-capped crest for some distance, and as the sea rolled ahead the boat dropped into the deep valley, but before another sea reached us we pulled quickly behind a stone jetty clear from the heavy force of the sea, and a dozen willing hands hauled the boat up on the land. I was then met by the head man of the island, to whom I stated my business — that it was the American ship *Rainier*, Capt. Morrison, one hundred and ten days from Philadelphia to Japan, and we were short of fresh provisions and would like a good supply, as we had considerable sickness on board.

"I presented him with a file of the *New York Herald*, with Capt. Morrison's compliments, which he was glad to receive. While some men were at work gathering the vegetables and driving in the cattle, I made a tour of inspection and sight-seeing. The people were very hospitable, insisting on my taking luncheon at every house visited, which I did as far as my eating capacity would admit. Before anything was eaten grace was asked, and also after eating. At one house I observed a Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine, and also several other articles of eastern manufacture. The only foreigner on the island that had ever been allowed to remain there was an old American sailor belonging in Boston, Mass., who

had run away from a whaler some years ago, but whose name I could not learn. He was quite talkative, and seemed happy, but asked no questions about his native place. While I was visiting about, some of the ladies, finding out a lady was on board the Rainier, gathered flowers in large bouquets, and also sent milk, strawberries, and bananas off to Mrs. H., and on my arrival the cabin seemed like a small flower garden. They had some relics of the Bounty mutineers, among which was a knife made by John Adams, one of the ringleaders, and an earthen mug used by him in the Bounty, from which I was given a drink of milk. The houses were nicely built, and of modern architecture, and were well furnished and had nicely polished floors. The men are of the English cast, but resemble and talk like Americans, but all the women are of a Kanaka cast—copper colored, but of good build, and fine-looking.

“Boat load after boat load was sent off to the Rainier, as the things came along, each boat being able to take but little, although they used their own boat, which was a proper *Boston-built whaleboat*. Considerable many whales are caught by these people during certain seasons of the year.

“It was not until high noon that I was ready

to leave, and filling my boat with live stock, I at last got started. After arriving safely alongside, the live beef was hoisted on board by its horns, and the long boat hoisted. The sight on deck was a picture for a farmer. One live beef was made fast to the mainmast. Sheep, lambs, hens, turkeys, ducks and rabbits were all walking about decks, apparently much astonished at their new quarters.

“During the forenoon the ship had been run close to the island and then headed off shore, with the ‘main topsail to the mast,’ and as the good-byes were said the islanders departed, the main topsail filled, and the Rainier once more proceeded on her course.

“The afternoon was spent in hanging up the cabbages, turnips, onions, sweet potatoes, spuds, yams, etc., Mrs. H. taking charge of the fruit, milk, eggs, flowers, etc. The ship resembled a floating farm yard, as the favoring wind filled the sails and she sped on her course, and ere the sun had disappeared Norfolk Island had faded from sight. The Rainier was the first American merchant ship that had ever called there, their principal callers being men-of-war and whalers.”

The ship continued on her course until the tropics were reached, when the wind died out, leaving the ship drifting about at the mercy of



the unknown currents. For twenty days hardly a mile was made, the ship drifting under a tropical sun, the monotony being relieved only by an occasional squall or catspaws of wind. Soon after leaving the island the first officer, cook, steward, and several of the men, were taken down with an unknown fever. The ship being a new one, with only a contract medicine chest, the medicine soon gave out, and the sick could only let nature take its course. Everything possible was done to relieve the sufferings of the men, but with little avail.

Every few days, as the ship slowly sailed north, land was seen, the course being between the Caledonia, Solomon, and New Hebrides, which was the land seen. January 3d, after having been becalmed and drifting about for many days, a slight puff of wind from the northeast gave prospect that the trades were near at hand, which gradually increased to a gentle breeze, baffling at times, but a trade wind. The sky gave promise of fresh breezes and fine weather. Several islands had been passed during the early part of the day, and now the ship was gliding along with a gentle breeze and her yards braced in, and good feeling predominated among the sick and well; for in two weeks, with average luck, the Rainier would be safe at anchor.

At three P.M. the island of Lae, one of the Marshall group, was made on the port bow. The mate was on deck for the first time for some weeks, and was consulting with the captain in regard to wind and weather, which after the sun had passed its meridian had gradually increased, until the captain said to the first officer, as they both watched the ship careen before the favoring wind: "A little more wind, and we shall have to furl the skysails." At 4.30 P.M. the island bore abeam about eight miles distant by the cross bearing which had been observed. The captain went below and returned in a few moments and spoke to the mate, saying:

"The course is northwest, and we are now clear of all the islands at last, with nothing to trouble us until the shores of Japan heave in sight."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the answer; and then the supper bell rang, the watch was relieved by the second officer, and the captain and mate went below to supper, telling the officer in charge of the deck to keep a good lookout for breakers until the ship was well clear of the island to windward, which was fast falling astern, and to keep a man at the mast head until dark, the second mate having the deck during the dog-watch from six until eight P.M.

## CHAPTER II.

## WRECKED ON A CORAL REEF.

THE night had grown dark, and the moon having set as eight bells struck, there seemed to be an impenetrable darkness, and the bright, twinkling stars had only commenced to show themselves in the far-off sky. The watch was mustered and relieved at eight bells, two men were sent on the top-gallant forecastle for lookouts, and the first officer took charge of the decks, and as he walked aft found the captain on deck with a telescope trying to penetrate the gloomy darkness. Two bells struck, and the ship was staggering along under a heavy press of canvas. The captain and mate stood on the weather quarter, eagerly watching the ship as she hurried, when one said to the other: —

“That white ridge ahead looks like breakers.”

At the same time the lookout's cry was heard:

“Breakers ahead! Breakers ahead!”

It was a terrible cry, and one that every man in the ship heard and came on deck in an instant. The captain gave the order to the wheelman to “Hard a-starboard.” The first and third officers

jumped and let go all the port braces, but it was too late! The ship was in the midst of the breakers, and with a heavy crash struck on a coral reef.

Orders were given and executed without delay and without confusion. Yards were laid aback, with the hope the ship might back off with the assistance of anchors and hawsers out astern, but the heavy seas striking against her stern like trip hammers, and the crashing of timbers, gave evidence only too true that the Rainier was a doomed ship; and to look at the seething mass around, with the seas rolling on board, presented rather a gloomy prospect of anyone being left to tell the tale.

The crew, under orders of the officer in command, carried all the provisions from the after part of the ship forward, as it seemed the safest place and would last the longest, as the heavy seas could not strike that part with so much violence. The seas soon commenced to come on board, so heavy aft that the quarter boats hanging on the davits were in danger of getting smashed, and they were removed forward on the top-gallant forecastle, so that the falling spars would not smash them and render all means of escape impossible, for the only safety now was in the skillful handling of the boats when daylight came.

The captain's daughter, who at the time of the ship's striking was writing in her sea-log preparatory to retiring, had shown the utmost coolness and presence of mind during all the trying hours, quietly packing up her things, and also her father's and husband's, until the ship had ground out the inshore bilge and listed off shore. The heavy seas then commenced to break the ship up aft very fast, and she was carried on the top-gallant forecastle and lashed to the bitts, as the jarring of the ship, as the heavy seas struck, would almost throw a person off his feet. The clothing was then taken forward, but all communication with the after part of the ship was ended by the heavy seas rolling on board. The piano and many other valuables were left for Neptune and his mermaids, and all hands gathered forward clear of the falling spars, to wait for daylight and see what chance there was for life; but the prospect was gloomy, as that part of the ship would be safe but a short time, for the coral and heavy seas had made holes in her, and the cargo was floating out and away, apparently glad to get free from its dark prison.

As daylight approached, the scene presented was a dismal one. As far as the eye could reach in either direction could be seen a line of break-

ers, and in the dim distance a few small knolls of land appeared to view. As the sun showed itself above the horizon, white sails appeared in the far distance, which on near approach proved to be canoes swarmed with dusky natives, coming down inside the lagoon, which is more properly called atoll. Coral reefs are properly called atolls, and are generally round or in an elliptic form, and always have one or more deep entrances. This atoll was thirty miles long, in the shape of an elliptic, and about five miles or so across, from one line of surf to the other, inside being deep water, excepting now and then a coral tree would grow up to the surface and spread out its branches like a palm leaf. The reef where we landed was not dry, but had only a few inches of water at extreme low tide; but at high tide it was over a person's head. We were fortunate enough to land at low tide.

The canoes were made fast to the coral, and the natives then approached up to the inside surf line and commenced to shout and gesticulate, which sent a chill of terror to the unfortunate mariners who clung to the wreck which soon must go to pieces.

The captain and officers held a consultation, and could only decide that all was at the mercy of the

savages, but as a stand of twelve rifles and plenty of ammunition was on board, all would defend their lives as long as life lasted. The mate then stood upon the bitts, holding on to the fore-stay, and made movements with his arms, beckoning them to try and swim through the surf, and with the aid of lines he would haul them on board and try if some information could not be obtained in regard to white civilization. But whether the signal was understood or not, they made no movement, and the mate then ordered the deep sea lead-line brought, to which was attached an empty beef barrel and thrown overboard, so it would drift through the breakers to the natives on the reef. But the line being heavy, it sunk and caught in the coral and was cut off. So the cask and part of the line was lost. Another attempt was made with the line buoyed with small pieces of wood only a few feet apart, which proved successful. After rolling and tumbling in the surf it at last was thrown by a heavy sea to within a short distance of the natives, who on observing it formed in line and taking hold of hands waded out far enough to get the cask, and so we got communication with the natives on the reef. The gang-ladder (which is used for getting off or walking on board ship), about thirty feet long and two feet wide,

was thrown overboard with the line attached to each end, and motions were made by the captain to haul in on the line, which they did, and the ladder was soon hauled on the reef through the surf.

After considerable gesticulating, the savages were made to understand we wanted some one to get on the ladder and fasten themselves, and we would haul them on board. Probably they were as frightened of us as we were of them, but two, more venturesome than the rest, jumped on the ladder and the crew quickly hauled the ladder alongside, and the end of a line with a bowline was lowered down, in which they got and were hauled on board. On reaching the deck they stood in mute wonderment and surprise, and on being handed a pipe and tobacco by one of the sailors, a broad smile played on their features, and with a grunt of acknowledgment they proceeded to fill their pipes after borrowing a sheath knife, and from the manner they handled these articles gave evidence they were no novices in the art of filling a pipe. The captain and crew asked them many questions in many different languages, since among the ship's crew nearly all the common languages were spoken, but nothing could be made out of their gibberish except "captain," "king," "schoon-

er," "whiskey," and a few such words, which led the captain to believe that at some not far distant time some white people in a schooner had called at their island, perhaps for trade; and if so, might call again. So the best thing to do was to land on their island, which was some twelve miles away, and live with them until assistance could be obtained. The natives who had been smoking now handed the pipes back, but when given to understand they could have them, held them high in the air and shouted with a hideous screech to their kindred on the reef, and so quickly did they observe the pipe that many rushed into the water and swam through the heavy surf, eagerly watched by the Rainier's crew, who expected to see them dashed against the coral, which could be plainly seen. But they were perfect in that art, and on swimming alongside were hoisted on board and fitted out as were their comrades, also with shirts and dungaree pants. They then wandered about, stealing anything they might see that they could hide from sight.

One of the quarter boats was hoisted overboard, in charge of the second mate and four men, to go through the surf on the reef and look for the landing, with the surf line to keep it tight. Two bull's-eyes with lanyards attached were put on the

surf line, and each bull's-eye was made fast—one to the stem and one to the stern of the boat—so that when the surf line was hauled tight the boat would run on the line and be kept head to the sea, for without such precaution the boat could not be handled, and would capsize and all hands be drowned. A chance was watched for a small sea to come and at last the time came, and away the boat shot over the surf and landed on the reef, and the crew, quickly jumping<sup>d</sup> out, hauled the boat clear of the breakers. The surf line was now made securely fast by the second mate, and the boat, with one man in it, was hauled through the surf out to the ship.

The captain's daughter was the next to go, the mate taking charge of the boat. A large arm-chair was fitted with ropes so it could be lowered down over the side to the bobbing boat below, in which the captain's daughter was placed and then wrapped up in the American flag and lashed in the chair. A handkerchief was about to be placed over her eyes, when she objected, and said:

"I want to see what is going to be done with me. I am not afraid."

Strong and steady hands lowered the precious burden down over the side to within a few feet of the jumping, tumbling boat, where the mate with

a sharp sheath knife stood ready to cut the rope that held her at the right time, when the boat should be near enough to do so without accident. After waiting some time, the boat surged up to where the chair, with its living burden, was dangling in the air, and, watching his opportunity, the mate quickly severed the rope, and the chair and its fair occupant dropped safely into waiting hands below and was placed in the stern of the boat and covered up to keep from getting wet. A favorable sea was now watched for to go in on, which soon came. The word was given to go. The boat seemed to hesitate for an instant, trembled on the fringe of the breaker and then sped to the shore with great rapidity, while the water frothed alongside and the rope fairly howled through the bull's-eyes. The whole crew looked as if they had been shaken up by an earthquake when the boat struck the reef. Ready hands quickly hauled the boat clear of the coming seas over the reef into smooth water, and made it fast to a canoe.

Another boat was put overboard from the ship and filled with provisions and clothes, which was landed with safety, and the contents were put in the boat with the captain's daughter and some in the canoes. It was late in the afternoon before

all the boats had been got over the reef into the lagoon and loaded with provisions, and the fresh breeze that was blowing made it impossible to try and pull the boats against the wind and a short, choppy sea in the lagoon, and as the boats had no sails and were heavily laden with men and provisions, we could only wait the will of the savages. Some provisions had been put in the canoes, and with them a sailor.

During all this time, the savages had been examining everything, and their wild, demoniac looks and yells accompanied all their movements, either swimming or on the canoes. They were clad only with a small mat fastened about the waist, with holes in their ears large enough to put one's hand in. In other words, a hole was made in the ear, and then the skin of the face was cut down to the jaw-bone. Small rolls of coconut leaves, about two or three inches in diameter, were put in these holes to keep them open until properly healed, and these then filled with wild flowers. All this sent a thrill of terror through the stoutest heart, as all hands only expected to be a thanksgiving feast for the savages. The firearms were loaded and kept in readiness; each boat's crew was armed, and at the present time outnumbered the savages. But with no land to

be seen, to be left on a coral reef in mid-ocean was rather a dismal situation.

All things have an end. The savages well knew the distance they had to travel and the time it would take to reach their homes, and they had calculated to a nicety; for after some meditation the king decided to start, and after considerable many orders and gesticulating, the large mat sails were hoisted and each canoe took a boat in tow, the king taking the captain's boat. Away they sailed with great speed, and soon the tops of trees could be seen, which gradually increased in size until the canoes and boats reached an island, which proved to be about three-quarters of a mile long and one-quarter of a mile wide, called Ujea, covered with cocoanut trees to the water's edge, and presenting on near approach to the eyes of the anxious, shipwrecked people, a perfect tropical paradise. It did not take long to dispel the illusion, for men, women and children could be seen running down to the edge of the water, watching our arrival.

The sun had disappeared when the weary mariners had landed, and all kept together waiting for some evil manifestations. The king soon motioned for the captain to follow, which he did with his daughter, officers and crew. When the

king arrived at his house it was offered to the captain and crew. Not being large enough for an American's idea of living (it was a square house about twenty feet long, fourteen feet wide and three feet to the eaves, and running to a point about eight feet higher), the captain, his daughter and officers took the house, using flags for partitions, and carried in all the guns and valuables, while the crew camped outside, ready to jump and fight for their lives if occasion required. The king sent out some of his subjects, who soon returned with several baskets of cocoanuts, which were eagerly received by all, who began by first drinking the milk and then breaking the shell and eating the soft, pulpy substance inside. There being no fresh water on the island, the cocoanut milk is used in its place.

All the inhabitants of the island soon gathered to view the white Kanakas, as they termed the shipwrecked people. They seemed the most surprised at seeing a woman, the women closely looking at the captain's daughter, feeling her cheeks and long hair, and gazing intently at the clothes she wore, which were of New York styles of only a few months previous. Mothers presented their children, and all the savages seemed to admire the pale-faced damsel.

Darkness soon gathered, and a bonfire was made with the cocoanut husks, and men detailed to keep it burning while the remainder retired to rest. Three mattresses and some blankets having been saved, the captain and his daughter were each provided with a comfortable bed. The other was used by the steward, he being one of the sick men, and having been in the water all day. Sleep soon came to the weary eyes, but the savages still sat about the fire, and some continued to do so until the morning.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AMONG THE SAVAGES.

It is a common impression that the South Sea Islanders are all cannibals, and that the islands are filled with wild beasts. Such is not the case. There are no quadrupeds except pigs among the more civilized tribes, and they are not a success, as the eating of the cocoanut renders the pork unfit to eat. Cannibalism has ceased to exist except in the most remote and unapproachable islands, and the quantities of tropical fruits with which all the islands abound supply them with plenty to eat. Yet they are a savage race, and have no scruples about killing a white person, either for gain or from not wanting them to live on their land. They have good reasons for so doing, as the slave trade has been and is carried on at the present time by white men coming in schooners and enticing the natives on board for trade, then capturing them and sailing away. Such proceedings have made the natives distrustful and anxious to kill all white people. One year previous to the wreck of the Rainier, a vessel of some foreign class struck on the island of Lae,



thirty miles from Ujea, and all hands were murdered, and the vessel destroyed. The king of Lae came to Ujea with a canoe full of his followers, numbering about fifteen, all armed with Prussian needle guns obtained from traders. The king also had a twenty-one shot rifle of foreign make which had been captured from the people he had murdered, and a seven-shot revolver taken at the same time. So Elijah Bullock, the king of Ujea, informed the mate, Mr. Humphrey, and told him to beware of that king, as he came to fight the Kanakas. There is more adventure, and less romance, in being wrecked among the Southern Archipelagos.

The islands are all supposed to be of volcanic origin, and in their lowest strata show no evidence of ores or minerals. The vegetation is tropical and luxuriant. It is a common superstition that the islanders are physically dwarfs, and the women shriveled and hag-like in appearance, resembling the Indian squaw. The truth is, however, that no finer race exists in the world as regards physical structure. The men are tall and well-formed. The women have magnificent proportions, pleasing faces, are neither flabby nor fat, and the contour of their bodies is harmonious and voluptuous. They have well-developed busts, and wear nothing

above the waist. The women wear two mats made from the leaves of the pandanas, which cover the body from the waist to the ankle. The men wear only one mat about the loins.

The houses are built of a framework of saplings put together without nails, being fastened by small rope made from the cocoanut fibre, and are thatched with leaves from the cocoanut or pandanas tree.

The tobacco which the natives smoke, but never chew, is of the poorest kind, and obtained from traders for cobra or dried cocoanut, and a pipeful does for several persons, the king taking a few whiffs and then passing it around. The food staple of the natives of Ujea was bread-fruit, pandanas and cocoanut, and also roots called taro and arrow-root. But they have more sumptuous edibles prepared by their own ingenuity. The chief of these are perue and kurri gurri. The former is made of rotten wood pounded up fine and mixed with water till it resembles mud which is then rolled in grated cocoanut and baked on heated stones. The latter is made of taro root baked, then crushed fine and rolled in grated cocoanut, and made into little balls. These taste quite good when one is hungry and no other food is to be had.

At an early hour on the morning after the wreck, all hands that were able were astir. The mate, steward and some of the men were unable to get around. The captain then gathered his officers together for consultation as to what it was best to do; and they at last decided to despatch the long boat with all possible haste to the nearest civilized place for assistance, which, on examination of the chart, proved to be China, some three thousand miles due east, unless some of the islands in this vicinity had a white trading station.

The two quarter boats were sent to the wreck in charge of the second officer and the boatswain, with good crews, all in tow of the large canoe, it having been hired from the king in payment of one ax and two rifles at some distant date when the white Kanakas should leave their tropical home. The order given to the second mate was to load the boats and canoe with as much provisions as possible, and to get some light sails to make tents and sails for the boats.

Toward nightfall the boats returned and reported the ship was fast breaking up, but they obtained some old sails, and also managed to get some salt beef and pork by getting on board the ship and breaking in the heads of the barrels

and then throwing the pieces into the bobbing boat which lay under the lee of the wrecked ship. Much difficulty and danger of life attended the work. On the following day the ship split open from stem to stern, the whole starboard side being thrown on the reef and heading out to sea, and the port side was broken in three pieces and piled one on top of the other on the reef.

The meat was taken and strung on lines in the open air, fastened from one tree to the other. This was done because the salt meat, in a country where there was no rain, would keep. But the natives soon found out the taste of meat, and as each morning sun arose, it was seen that the meat was rapidly diminishing. All hands were then put on an allowance of two biscuits each day, and some times some soup, this generally making two meals, and with the cocoanuts and native food, which they gradually came to like, kept any one from being hungry. There being no fresh water, cocoanut milk was drunk instead.

Several days were spent in making huts to live in from the cocoanut leaves. A sailor, by giving a native a shirt or pair of pants, could get him to build a hut, the time occupied being about three hours.

It was now decided by the captain that some-

thing must be done to secure assistance. An effort must be made. Some of the men were sick, the mate was unable to carry on any work or to undertake an expedition; so the captain appointed the second officer to get a volunteer crew and go for assistance.

The long boat was hauled up on the land, and with the few tools which the German carpenter saved, work was commenced to fit the boat for sea. A six-inch washboard was fastened to the gunwales of the boat and the top was then covered with canvas to keep the water out, so as to give the crew a dry place to sleep on their voyage, if any sleep could be obtained, except the after part of the boat. This place was used to sit and steer in. The boat's load consisted of one barrel of hard bread, two cases of canned provisions and the remainder of the spare space was filled with coconuts, ripe and green. On allowance, the provisions would last one month. A compass and sextant, with a clock for a chronometer, was the navigating equipment.

The morning of January 10, 1883, found the long boat ready to sail, and as she lay at anchor with mainsail hoisted, she looked "a thing of life," and to the shipwrecked mariners seemed to promise a speedy release from their tropical prison.

The gathering of the little mail bag was an im-

portant event. Letters were written to mothers, wives and sweethearts, on any conceivable piece of paper that could be found. The captain's instructions were to hug the wind and work to windward if possible, and reach a white trading-station. It was understood by us, by what little was gleaned from the savages, that a trading-station was located some 300 miles away. If the wind was too strong, they were to run before the wind to Oulan Island, and if no assistance could be obtained to proceed to Ascension Island, from thence to some or any port in China, which was W. S. W. by compass 3,000 miles.

The good-byes were said, and the little craft proceeded down the lagoon with a fresh breeze to the opening or passage-way, some ten miles distant, which led into the broad Pacific. The second mate worked the little craft up along the lee side of the reef, but on running out clear of the island, the wind and sea were so heavy he was obliged to put back and come to anchor under the lee of the island. A native swam to the boat and the second mate sent word to the captain that he should proceed the next morning. On looking for the craft the following morning nothing could be seen, but during the day the wind and sea increased to a fresh gale, and grave fears were entertained for the safety of the boat.

## CHAPTER IV.

## BUILDING OF THE SCHOONER.

THE long boat had been gone ten days, and during that time the wind had been strong and the sea rough. Fears were entertained that the boat might founder with all on board, as she was loaded deep, being obliged to carry so many coconuts for food.

The captain then began to think of building a schooner to keep the men out of idleness and as something to employ the mind, and in one of his walks around the island he discovered an old log, some fifty-five feet long, which would make a good keel and garboard, although worm-eaten, and from its appearance, had evidently drifted many thousands of miles before it stopped at Ujea Island. The carpenter was sent for and asked what tools he had saved, and on gathering them together they consisted of a few old bits and a handle, one small auger, two planes and two saws, with one broken half off; also two axes and two hatchets and a few old plane irons, which, being lashed to a crooked stick, made good adzes. As a Dutch carpenter's tools are generally in poor con-

dition, so these few tools came fully up to the rule. Tools they were, however, or called such, and from their antique appearance we judged they had helped to build the Ark. One great obstacle was to get them sharpened and fit for use, and all hands were ordered to be on the look-out for a stone, as they were not numerous. A sort of a sandstone was found and a hole cut through it. This was mounted on a frame-work and turned by a windmill which the carpenter made. This was the first piece of machinery that the "shipyard" contained.

Monday, January 22, 1884, work commenced in the yard. The two quarter boats, in charge of the third mate, went to the wreck, some ten miles away, for planking and spikes. The carpenter, with some of the men, went to the southeast end of the island to cut the frame for the schooner.

Several large bread-fruit trees had been cut down by the natives, the trunk of the tree being used by them to build their canoes, and the rest of the tree being of no use to them. But when wanted by the captain, these trees became valuable, and could only be bought by the payment of some shirts and pants. The limbs were then cut and brought to the yard. They made good timbers. Some of the men, under the captain's very

crooked directions, went to work on the log which had been found on the beach to make a keel. This old log, too, became valuable, and work was stopped by the king until payment was made by the captain of a large overcoat to him.

The king's permission was then given and work proceeded, and when night came the shipyard presented a lively appearance, but the wardrobe of all hands was greatly diminished. Many obstacles presented themselves, but Yankee ingenuity overcame them all. Work was rapidly pushed forward. The quarter boats went to the wreck often, but as it was so far away, could only make one trip each day.

The second trip to the wreck proved a sad one to us. The wind being strong and the boat overloaded, she was capsized, and the crew would have drowned, had not a canoe picked them up. The boat was saved, but two axes were lost. This left only two small hatchets.

After one week's hard work, the keel was laid, which was forty-one feet long and had a three-inch garboard. This was a great help in planking, as plank were scarce, and not a board could be obtained. All that was left of the wreck was the bulwarks and a part of the deck. The deck plank was sawed in the middle, which made the

planking for the schooner three inches by one inch and one-half. The sawing was slow work, as the saws were dull, and one man could only split a few plank in a day. The only nails that could be found were the spikes in the deck plank. These were used for fastenings for the schooner.

The stem and stern posts were then put up and bolted to the keel with iron, which had formerly been used for sheer ratlines on the ship.

The natives showed great curiosity in watching every piece of timber, no doubt wondering what the captain was trying to build. The king would sit for hours in the broiling sun, with overcoat and south-wester, watching the proceedings. The three midship frames were next placed in position and a ribbon fastened around, the frames fitted in and bolted.

The natives could then see it was a big canoe that the captain was building, and would watch every timber as it was put in place, saying "Emun! Emun!" (very good).

In seventeen days, the schooner was all framed and ready for planking. Considerable planking was in the yard and the natives, for some reason which could never be found out, went down the lagoon and set the wreck on fire, and so we had no occasion to go for any more planking, as it was

burned up. In thirty-four days, the schooner was ready for calking, and some of the men were set to picking oakum from the lanyards which had been saved from the wreck, while others commenced to calk. The carpenter had no calking irons, so pieces of iron-wood were sharpened and used to drive in the oakum. Where the iron-wood came from was impossible to find out, but no doubt was brought there by the natives from other islands, as none could be found on Ujea.

The work on the schooner progressed favorably under the many obstacles that surrounded the castaways, and on Thursday, March 13th, after fifty-two days of hard work, the schooner was finished and ready to launch. She was named the "Ujea," which was painted in big letters on each quarter. The paint used was a kind of dye which the natives used in coloring the strips of leaves which were used to make the mats worn for clothes on the body.

In the afternoon, at low water, all the islanders gathered to witness the launching of the schooner. As she was built some distance from the water, it was necessary to block her up and put under rollers. Tackles which had been saved from the wreck were rove off and lashed to the bow of the schooner. All hands then commenced to haul

and the "Ujea" moved slowly and gracefully along until the lagoon was reached, and was then left for the incoming tide to float. Lines were run to a cocoanut tree to hold her, but there was no occasion for this trouble, as the tide came in, and when the schooner commenced to float, the supports floated away, and for an instant the Ujea floated upright. And only for an instant; for she began slowly to careen until the main hatch commenced to fill with water, and in a few moments she was full, lying on her beam ends—sunk. The work of fifty-two days a failure! After the tide had run out the schooner was left dry. So she was pumped out, and again righted and ballasted with sheet metal which had been saved from the wreck. During the night the schooner again floated and remained upright. She was then taken to the lee side of the island and anchored in deep water, so that she would remain afloat at all stages of the tide. Her dimensions were forty-one feet keel, nine feet beam, and seven feet depth of hold. The following day she was ballasted to three feet and had a trial trip. A fresh breeze was blowing, and she sailed and worked well.

After she was ready for sea, the spare nooks and corners were filled with cocoanuts for the voyage.

She was then sailed down the lagoon some ten miles and anchored off Boke Island, near the entrance to the lagoon from the northwest.

Thursday, March 13th, "St. Patrick's day in the morning," the schooner was provisioned and ready for sea. The steward, who had been sick for some time, died early in the morning, which cast a gloom over the whole crew. The sailing of the schooner was postponed, and at 10 o'clock A.M. the body of the steward, carried on the shoulders of four seamen and followed by the remainder of the crew and many natives, was taken to the northeast end of the island, where the first officer read the Protestant burial service. The body was then lowered into the grave and covered up, there to rest until the grave gives up its dead.

## CHAPTER V

### VOYAGE OF THE UJEA.

MONDAY, March 17, dawned fair and pleasant, and at an early hour we were astir, as the captain had said the evening previous he should sail if the wind was not too strong. Having been speechless for so many weeks and having no use of his hands, and as his legs were getting numb, he determined to make a desperate attempt to reach some place where assistance and medicine could be obtained, as Mrs. H. and many of the men had been sick for some time. He decided to sail for Jaluit, one of the Marshall islands, in the Rawlic group, some 300 miles away, as the king had said "White Kanaka belong Jaluit, plenty, plenty," and from seeing a whiskey bottle marked, "A. P. Hataling & Co., San Francisco," we concluded it must be one of the many trading-stations of the South Sea Islands.

The king was asked if he would take the captain, Will Jackson and the few things that remained down to the schooner, which he willingly agreed to do. The schooner lay at anchor some ten miles down the lee reef off Boke Island, near

the channel, the only entrance to the lagoon. The remaining provisions, chart, compass, chronometer and sextant were carried down to the northeast end of the island, where the canoe was to start from.

The few that were to be left behind followed along to see the captain sail away and wish him *bon voyage*. The king's son (the prince) and one of the natives had consented to go in the schooner to act as interpreters should they stop at any of the many islands which lay in their course. The farewells were said, hands clasped and the captain and Will Jackson stepped on board the canoe, followed by Lija Bucho and his servant. The canoe was then shoved into deep water, the sail hoisted, and in command of the king proceeded rapidly down the lagoon before the wind and was soon lost to sight.

The following is related by Will Jackson:

We arrived at the schooner all safe, and found the men anxiously awaiting our appearance. We immediately hove up the anchor and sailed out of the lagoon, and commenced to beat up "Ujea" close to the lee reef, in smooth water. The schooner worked and sailed well and toward night we passed the island close by, giving three cheers to Mr. and Mrs. H. and the remaining crew

left on Ujea, who were standing on the coral beach waving their hats. The wind had increased to a fresh breeze, and as we passed out clear of the island we found the sea rough and were obliged to furl the flying jib. We cleared the island on the port tack and about dark tacked to the northeast, and the island of Ujea soon faded from sight in the gathering darkness. At ten P.M. we tacked again to the southeast.

The weather during the night was very unfavorable. The schooner tossed and pitched about, making many of us sick, and the heavy squalls compelled us to reef the mainsail. A good lookout was kept and all hands were divided into watches. The schooner being filled up with coconuts for food during the voyage, but few could sleep below at one time; so the rest were obliged to sit on deck. The after part of the schooner had been divided off for a room for the captain, and as he was sick I remained with him.

At daylight the wind moderated, and the mainsail and jib were set, and at noon we had made seventy-two miles by dead reckoning. The wind continued fresh, so that we could carry all sail, except during the squalls. The sails were then lowered, and after the squall passed were hoisted again. At about sunset we tacked again to the



northeast, having been on the starboard tack for twenty hours. The captain wanted to fetch to windward of the island of Lib, which lay in our course.

During the afternoon a noticeable swell of the sea had set in, which was noticed by Lija Bucho, and on seeing some cocoanut husks in the water, he exclaimed, "Lib! Lib!" meaning that we were near the island of Lib. The captain said we should be near that island by the course and distance sailed, but darkness prevented us from seeing it.

On Wednesday the distance sailed was seventy eight miles by my figures. The captain had grown much worse, and was unable to sit up, and the prospect looked gloomy to me, for I judged from his appearance he was failing fast, and as we had no medicine, we could render him no assistance.

The natives were climbing to the mast-head every few moments throughout the day to see if any land could be seen, and not being able to see any after noticing so many cocoanut husks in the water, concluded we were all lost. At six P.M. we tried to tack to the northeast, but the sea was so heavy the schooner would not stay, and we were obliged to wear. During the night the wind

hauled a little to the eastward, and we made a good slant.

Thursday the wind was strong and the sea rough. The hatches were kept on to keep out the spray which was flying over the schooner, and the strong smell of kerosene, which we had taken to trade with, as we had but little money, made the men very uncomfortable. Being cramped up so much and wet, they became alarmed. The natives were frightened and gave up, continually saying: "No see Ujea! Bum bye Emid!" Meaning they would soon be dead.

Toward sunset the wind increased, and we were obliged to heave to for the night. During the night the schooner lay well, except the terrible tossing about, and it seemed as if one was standing on his head the greater part of the time.

Friday morning the wind moderated so that we could proceed on our course. The sun came out bright, and we were able to get an observation. The distance made was forty-one miles. I showed my figures to the captain, who motioned with his head that they were right. I then marked off on the chart and found that we ought to see land by night, and told the natives that captain say: "Spose sun finish, see land!" But their hopes had nearly fled, although throughout the day they

climbed to the mast-head every few moments. About four P.M. Lija Bucho, who was aloft, cried out: "I see! I see!" But it was not until sunset that any of us could see the land. It is a singular fact that most of the natives have wonderful eyesight, as many times on the island they could see a canoe coming up the lagoon a long time before any of the crew could.

The natives shouted for joy and a smile of satisfaction showed itself on the faces of the men. The captain roused up and, with my assistance, came on deck and looked at the land, that he might be sure there was no mistake. During the night I worked the schooner up as close to the land as the captain thought advisable, and then headed off shore to wait for daylight. When morning came the land could be plainly seen, and on near approach we saw islands as far as the eye could reach, connected by coral reefs. We beat up close to the reef and then sailed along, passing one island after another, looking for an entrance to the lagoon.

These islands are called the Bonam group and consist of many islands, which form a circle connected by a coral reef, having but two deep channels by which to enter the lagoon. On one of these islands—called Jaluit—is a German trading-

station, and is also situated a trading agency of Crawford & Co., of San Francisco.

After sailing for some distance, a canoe was seen passing between two low islands. So we headed for the canoe. We entered the lagoon through the northwest passage, and as a fresh breeze was blowing we rapidly gained on the canoe. The water being smooth, a lively race ensued, in which the "Ujea" took the lead. When nearly across the lagoon a large house could be seen, and on near approach a boat was seen to be pulled from the shore by a white man. Then our hearts were glad to think we had found a civilized being. When near to the boat the schooner was brought to the wind, and the boat came alongside.

Our story was soon told, and the man, who proved to be an Englishman connected with the station, said there was a small wharf which we could land at, and so we sailed up close to the wharf, dropped anchor and hauled the schooner alongside. The station consisted of several large buildings and two liquor saloons, which the crew soon found, when their happiness was complete. On inquiry, we found that the United States had a consular agency, represented by a German named Mr. Pfeiffer. I assisted the captain in landing, and was met by the "consul," to whom I related

our tale, and the captain whispered and asked him for assistance. The fat, pussy Dutchman listened to the captain's story, pointed to a house and told us in a surly tone of voice to go there and say he sent us. The house proved to be a saloon and hotel kept by Negro Tom, an outlaw from the Siamoor islands. Negro Tom—he was known only by that name—was a large six-foot negro with only a few teeth, who kept the house for the benefit of himself in disposing of liquor to the crews of the trading schooners and also the natives who came to the agency to trade.

Tom received us kindly (as he was being benefited) and we were shown a little hut close by the house, which contained two bunks, where we were to sleep and keep our things. I went down on board of the schooner to pack up the chronometer and such few things as belonged to the captain and myself, and found that the consul had ordered the hatches of the schooner nailed down to prevent anything from being carried away, as he claimed the schooner, we being thrown on his hands. Obstacles are easily overcome at times, and so I got all of our things and deposited them in the captain's hut. By the captain's orders, I then went down and hauled the schooner out to an anchorage and left Lija Bucho (the prince) and

his servant on board to look out for the schooner, as the consul said the captain must pay their board. Negro Tom supplied all our wants and when night came we lay down to sleep, knowing that, although among civilized beings, our troubles were not yet ended.

## CHAPTER VI.

### VOYAGE OF THE LOTUS.

OUR life at Jaluit did not run as smoothly as was anticipated after our long privations and sufferings, and our whole thought was to relieve and rescue those unfortunates left on lonely Ujea. The captain's entreaties to send assistance to his sick daughter, as he was helpless, were met with promises, and we were told to call at the office on the morrow. The consul said that the schooner belonged to him, and insisted on nailing down the hatches and taking charge; but Yankee pluck overcame Dutch bluff, and Lija Bucho, who had remained the captain's friend, was placed on board in command, well armed, and ordered to shoot any person who insisted on boarding the schooner after dark without permission.

Jaluit having a consular agency, the captain was obliged to settle accounts with the crew, and not having any money, he made out due bills on the agents of the ship for the amounts due, payable at any shipping port. But Dutch craftiness objected to any such settlement, and the captain was then obliged to mortgage the schooner with

its cargo of oil, metal, chronometer, sextant, and even the slight wearing apparel which he possessed (although the latter was released, as clothes must be had to wear), to the American consul at five per cent per month.

Every time a trading schooner arrived, the consul was visited and asked that assistance might be sent to Ujea, if not to rescue our people, at least to land provisions and medicine. But these appeals were useless, as the schooners were for trading, and not for rescuing shipwrecked people.

The captain's troubles were fast increasing, and the anxious heart began to despair. He determined to make one desperate attempt.

One morning the schooner Lotus, formerly a yacht of San Francisco, of about twelve tons register, arrived. She was the property of King John, of the island of Alni Lap Lap, the head king of the Rawlic chain of the Marshall group of islands. The schooner was in charge of King John's son, and had come from the island of Alni Lap Lap, eighty miles to the north of Jaluit, for medicine for King John, who was sick.

A man on the island named Sanders, who kept a saloon, and who had been friendly with the captain, had a Kanaka wife, and to him our story was told, asking his assistance to charter the

Lotus to go to Ujea with medicine and provision. Through their entreaties with the Kanaka captain, he agreed to go to Ujea, after delivering the medicine to King John, provided he was willing. The consul was again visited and asked for medicine and provisions, which with some reluctance were given. The provisions were immediately put on board the schooner, and I was asked to go in her, as the Kanakas are never in any hurry, and by my being on board, and having Lija Bucho with me, we might arrive at Ujea much quicker, and through intercession with King John we would soon be on our voyage.

Lija Bucho was a happy Kanaka when he found he would soon sail for home and see his two wives again. The Kanaka captain seemed in no hurry to sail, and no doubt thought King John would live if no medicine came, but through the assistance of Sanders' wife we were soon ready for sea.

After carefully examining my revolver, I placed it in my breast where it would be handy, and bidding the captain good-bye, I stepped on board the schooner, which was crowded with natives, and was soon sailing out of the lagoon bound for Alni Lap Lap.

We sailed from Jaluit early in the morning with a fine breeze, and the weather being favorable we

arrived at Alni Lap Lap the following afternoon. I immediately visited King John and my story was soon told, as I found he could speak and understand a little English. His permission was readily gained and I felt quite happy, thinking I should soon be under weigh again. The king said he would place me in command and give me thirty-five natives to work the schooner. Where to stow the Kanakas was a mystery to me, but I was content so long as I knew we were on our voyage. We were to start in two hours, so I took a stroll around, seeing what was to be seen, stopping here and there and getting a little kaikai, perue and bread-fruit from the natives as they ate their evening meal.

After some time, I hastened back and asked the king if he was ready for me to sail, when, to my surprise, he told me, "Schooner no go!" My hopes were immediately crushed, and the night was spent lying in a hut, which I found to be unoccupied, thinking what I should do. A hundred thoughts flitted through my brain and the only thing I could conceive to do was to steal the schooner the first favorable chance offered, and if pursued trust to my revolver for protection.

The following day gave me no satisfaction from King John, but I found that Lija Bucho was

the cause of this delay, as he had turned traitor and told the king that he would get no pay; and as Mrs. H. had a large trunk of wearing apparel which had been saved from the wreck, they were planning to proceed to the island for the sake of plunder. I promised the king everything I could imagine, if he would let me sail and give me some men to go with me, as it was impossible for me to handle the schooner alone. I told him this that his suspicions of my stealing the schooner, if he had any, might be allayed if he would facilitate my plans, but to no avail. That night, as I lay on the ground in my hut, I made up my mind to try on the morrow to escape with the schooner, and with these plans I fell asleep and awoke in the morning to find the sun streaming in my face. I immediately jumped up and satisfied my appetite with a few green cocoanuts and began to think of my plans of the preceding night.

The schooner lay off the lee side of the island only a short distance from the shore, as the king had not sailed her into the lagoon as yet, but intended to that day. After visiting the king and asking him if I might sail, which he refused, I walked down the beach, and, finding a canoe, jumped into it and paddled off to the schooner. I found on getting on board some twenty natives,

among whom was Lija Bucho, jabbering as fast and loud as they could. It was apparently an interesting conversation, and I made up my mind it was about myself, as the jabbering ceased as soon as I made my appearance. My plans were soon laid. I would get into a row with Lija Bucho and would then draw my revolver and drive them all over the side, slip the anchor and sail away. Opportunity soon offered and I told Lija Bucho he "too much lie," at which he got mad; so quickly drawing my revolver, I aimed it at him. The rest of the natives, on seeing the revolver, gave one yell, rushed on deck and jumping overboard swam for the shore, and before I had time to think Lija Bucho followed.

The schooner was now mine and no time was to be lost. My plans had worked well. I would soon be away, and as a fresh breeze was blowing the canoes could not overtake me. I ran forward to cut the rope which held the anchor, and on glancing seaward saw a schooner heading up the island but a short distance away. At the sight of this schooner my plans seemed all frustrated.

The schooner sailed up close to where the Lotus was anchored, and on its approach I could see that a white man was on deck, but the vessel was manned by natives. The sails were lowered

and the anchor was dropped and a boat put overboard. As it was passing by I hailed the man in the stern sheets to take me on shore, as my canoe had been taken when the Kanakas left so suddenly. The schooner proved to be the *Francisca*, a trading schooner, in command of a Captain Ryan. The schooner had called here to trade with King John for cobra. I told Capt. Ryan my story and asked his assistance to intercede with King John, telling him that the captain of the *Rainier* would pay King John for the use of the *Lotus* if he would only allow me to proceed and land the provisions and medicine, as the castaways on *Ujea* were in great need of the latter. He promised to do what he could, and together we proceeded to King John's house. The king was interviewed, and after some talk with Capt. Ryan in Kanaka, the king told me I could sail.

My heart was full of joy, and I hurried the king as much as it was possible, so that at four P.M. I was sailing rapidly away from *Alni Lap* Lap, with thirty-five natives on board for a crew, and with a fresh breeze and squally looking weather. At sunset the wind died out to a calm, but squally. I went below for a few moments to get my pipe, when a squall struck the schooner and she would have turned bottom up had not the

main halyard been carried away, which let the sail down by the run. The natives now became frightened and wanted to turn back, to which I objected, and succeeded in having my way, for to turn back was to never get started again.

At midnight a light breeze sprung up, and at daylight the island of *Namu* was in sight. A strong westerly current had carried me to the eastward. The natives all insisted on going on shore, and so I was obliged to sail up to the island and come to an anchor. When they found I would not go on shore, some of them decided to remain with me, as they no doubt thought I would sail away and leave them. And that was my intention, if a chance offered. At nine A.M. they all came on board, and I again got under weigh and headed for sea, determined that no more land should be seen until we saw *Ujea*. I took the wheel and steered until noon, heading northwest by west half west. At noon I was in latitude  $80^{\circ}$  north, longitude  $167^{\circ} 50'$  east. During the day we had light airs and calms, and at night *Namu* bore east-northeast. At sunset a fresh breeze sprung up, and the weather looking fine, I turned in, telling them to call me if they saw anything. At midnight I was awakened by an unusual noise on deck, and on going up found that we were

close to the island of Lib, an island I had intended to pass ten miles off. But the natives had seen it, and were determined to land, and as the majority rule, they anchored the schooner while some went on shore and remained until eight o'clock in the morning.

At noon Lib bore southeast by east, ten miles distant, so I shaped my course to pass the island of Lae some distance off, and hearing the Kanakas speak about stopping at Lae three days several times during the day, I concluded I would stay on deck that night and keep watch. During the afternoon a squall struck the schooner, which blowed the outer jib to ribbons. So we were minus one sail. I had commenced to get anxious and so remained on deck all night, and when morning came I knew we had passed Lae. At noon we were in latitude  $8^{\circ} 30'$  north, longitude  $165^{\circ} 30'$ .

During the day the natives had watched anxiously for Lae, and when afternoon came said we had passed the island and wanted me to turn back, but I told them if we did not see it by night I would do so. I thought by night that we would see Ujea, and then they would be willing to let me land. At sunset no land could be seen and the natives grew alarmed and made me turn

around, but as the wind had commenced to breeze up I furled the mainsail and head reached, and when darkness came I hauled the jib sheet to windward and let the schooner lay. I then went and turned in. About three A.M. I got up and headed the schooner on her course for Ujea, and at daylight the island was plainly seen. The natives, on discovering that the island was Ujea and not Lae, got wild and shoved me below and locked me down, and headed the schooner for Lae, or in the direction they supposed it to be. This strange proceeding I could not understand, but I yelled until I was hoarse through the cracks in the hatchway to go to Ujea, or a man-of-war would come and "bum-bum" them all.

I would yell and then look out of the deadlight and see in what direction they were heading, and at last was gratified to see them head for Ujea. As we drew near the island, I could see a canoe coming out and when it came alongside saw the king was in it, but they still kept me locked below.

The king came on board, and after considerable jabbering, Lija Bucho being the most enthusiastic, the scuttle was opened and I was told to come up. On getting on deck my eyes grew dim and my heart sad, for I saw the king was dressed in the uniform of a commander in the United States



navy, and without asking I knew that a man-of-war had been to the island and rescued Mr. and Mrs. H. and the remainder of the crew, and what was to become of me I could not tell. While these thoughts were passing through my mind the king handed me from his pocket, in as much style as one can imagine, a letter, and said:

"Man-of-war come. Emma go. Mate go."

Words fail to express my feelings, as I grasped the letter, and quickly tore it open and read:

"U. S. S. Essex, April 13.—Rescued from Ujea Island Mr. and Mrs. H. and eight of the crew of the Am. ship Rainier, wrecked January 2, 1884. Essex sails for Jaluit to search for Capt. M., and from thence sails for Yokohama, Japan.  
A. H. McCORMICK, *Commander*."

For a moment I was lost in thought; but was aroused by the king, who said:

"Man-of-war go—No come again." I quickly answered:

"Captain man-of-war speak bum-bye he come get me. Man-of-war go Jaluit, come back Ujea."

After saying this, the king said: "Never mind. King good to Will Jackson."

As the king started to get into his canoe, I asked him if I could go too, to which he readily consented; so in I jumped, and the king paddled the canoe to the island. The natives then sailed

the schooner down the reef to Boke Island channel, and entered the lagoon and came to anchor off the northeast end of Ujea Island, and all went on shore. On landing I was met by all the natives of the island, who apparently were glad to see me, and so I shook hands with them all. One native, who had learned to speak a little English, said:

"What for you no cry? Emma go—mate go—all go. Spose me cry."

I told him:

"No good cry. Bum-bye all come and I go."

While all of them were in good humor I asked the king if he would take the provisions from the schooner and bring them on shore. In a little time they were all landed and I had them put in the house formerly occupied by the captain, and used it for a storehouse and a place to sleep, and although the natives had stolen everything they could find previous to my leaving the island, now they would not touch a thing, for I told them that the man-of-war said they would "bum-bum king spouse, he no good," and so they were very kind and gave me all the cocoanuts I wanted. I had been so long accustomed to eat native food that I relished it even with plenty of my own provisions.

Preparations were being made by the natives to

leave the island on their regular yearly visit to King John on Alni Lap Lap Island, and on the following week the Lotus, loaded with natives and also all the canoes, sailed away from Ujea, leaving me with about twenty native men and women who were too old to travel and so were left behind. The king on leaving made me king of the island, and telling all the natives left to give me all the cocoanuts I required.

I was now left with no means of escape, as all the canoes had been taken. So I could only make myself as comfortable as possible and wait for some trading schooner to come for the cobra, which had been prepared to sell and stored in a house at the end of the island near where the schooners came to anchor. My time was spent in walking around the island watching for a sight of some friendly sail and lying in my hut during the heat of the day smoking and thinking. Unfortunately I could find nothing to read except an old almanac which had been left behind by those rescued by the Essex, and I read and re-read it through until I could quote from beginning to end. I had brought with me in the schooner two small boxes of tobacco, and one I divided among the king and the natives, and kept the rest for my own use. The natives were very kind, sending me all the cocoanuts and bread-fruit I could eat.

I had been three weeks on the island — which seemed to me a lifetime — when a native came running to my house, crying, "Schooner! schooner!" I after some time could distinguish a schooner bearing down on the island, which on near approach proved to be the Francisca, which had come to get the cobra for King John. The schooner sailed up the lagoon and came to anchor off the island, and glad I was to meet my old friend Capt. Ryan, who had interceded for me with King John, when he refused to let me sail in the schooner from Alni Lap Lap.

The following day we sailed for Jaluit, calling at Cogohu, Namu, and Alni Lap Lap for trade, and arrived at Jaluit May 14. I immediately went to the consul (Mr. Pfeiffer) and asked his protection, but he refused to have anything to do with me. I told him I was an American seaman in distress, and wished to be sent to an American port, which was his duty to do if an American consul. After considerable talk he sent me to Black Tom's to live, but Black Tom got sick and the food was so poor I could not eat it. So I again visited the amiable consul and made complaint.

To get rid of me and keep me quiet, he gave me a small hut close to his office, and I ate my

meals with him. He had a Kanaka cook, but a very good one, and so I fared very well. Time hung heavy on my hands; so I applied to the consul for work, and hired out to him for \$1.50 per day, to paint his house. This occupied some time, as I was in no hurry and getting very well paid. I had not finished painting the house, when I was wanted to do another job. The owner of the Ujea wanted some carpenter work done on the schooner, so I hired out as ship carpenter; being handy with tools, I had plenty of work. I put new beams in the schooner, and calked her, and made some new sails, and when finished was offered command of her. But this I declined, as I did not care to cruise among the islands, and, as the Irishman said, "I might wake up some fine morning to find I had been killed." The savages of the South Seas are treacherous and not to be trusted, and I wanted to get back to civilization.

Trading schooners were constantly arriving and leaving, but there were none bound for civilization. A schooner arrived from the Providence group, having on board a barrel of oil in good condition and a chair marked "Rainier," which had drifted 300 miles northwest, from Ujea to Providence Island. The captain of the schooner also reported considerable wreckage of the Rainier in that group.

While at work repairing the Ujea, the schooner Nieu arrived, bound on a trading expedition to New Britain. The captain wanted me to go with him, and the schooner being new, I thought it would be a fine trip, but I had plenty of work and so decided not to go; and it was well that I did not, for the following month news came that the schooner had been captured by the savages and all hands murdered. I deemed it a narrow escape, and made up my mind to reach a civilized country as soon as possible.

The schooner Julia arrived and reported the wreck of the schooner Morning Star on Strong's Island, some 300 miles from Jaluit. A Swedish man-of-war arrived with Prince Oscar, of Sweden, on board, who was taking a pleasure trip around the world.

In one of the saloons was a billiard table, where I used to amuse myself during the evenings playing billiards with the traders. One evening, while Prince Oscar was visiting the island, several of us had assembled in the billiard room, when who should walk in but the prince, so I had the pleasure of being introduced. Before the prince sailed, the schooner Klaluk arrived from the Gilbert group, bound for San Francisco. The consul sent me to the captain and I engaged a passage to

San Francisco. The schooner was loaded and ready for sea when the captain died. Capt. Phillips, a passenger on the schooner *Julia*, was placed in command. The schooner *H. L. Turman*, from San Francisco, arrived the day before we sailed, and brought me a letter from Capt. M., informing me of his safe arrival at that port.

July 31, we got under weigh, and it being my birthday, and the happiest one I ever had; I invested a few dollars with the American consul in buying beer to treat all hands. Once again I was at sea and homeward bound, and with a fresh breeze the island soon disappeared from sight.

The weather continued pleasant, and after a passage of fifty-one days the *Faralonis* was sighted, and we passed in through the Golden Gate and came to anchor in the harbor of San Francisco, September 20.

## CHAPTER VII.

### LIFE ON UJEA ISLAND.

THE first night on the island after the wreck of the *Rainier* was anxiously passed, all hands keeping watch, expecting every moment the natives would attack and kill us; but the following day dispelled all fears, as they appeared friendly and brought cocoanuts and pandanas, but would give nothing except in return for clothing or some small article. The king, however, seemed to think he would reap a rich reward in the course of time; so he sent the captain plenty of cocoanuts. The captain then hired the king to go down to the wreck and see if anything could be obtained, promising him in payment one axe and three muskets when he should leave the island. Twelve rifles had been saved from the ship and these were kept loaded in the captain's house, ready at a moment's notice.

The king consented to go down himself in the big canoe. So, taking the three boats which had been saved in tow, he proceeded down the lagoon to the wreck. The second and third officers, with some of the men, went in the canoe with the king.

The canoe with the boats in tow returned at night with some provisions and some of the head sails. The second officer reported the main and mizzen-masts gone, the stern of the ship smashed in, and the cargo fast washing out. The provisions had all been taken from the lazarette and carried forward during the night after the ship had struck. The next day the boats went down, but got nothing but a few cases of oil, and reported the ship fast breaking up, the seas washing clean over her. So the good ship Rainier was a total wreck.

The first Sunday was a gloomy one, but the captain's orders were duly observed, and so we waited for the morrow to make plans as to what course to pursue.

On Monday morning the captain decided to fit up the long boat and send it out in charge of the first officer. The boat was hauled up on the land and a mast and more sails made, getting some rope from the natives to fit her out. The rope was made from the fibre of the cocoanut husk by twisting it first into a small thumb line and then laying it up to any size that was needed. Some were set at work making sails, the carpenter making the spars, while the rest went in search of cocoanuts. There was no trouble in finding plenty, as the trees were loaded, but to get them

down was another thing. So it required considerable hunting to find trees low enough to the ground to enable the sailors to climb. Most of the trees were fifty or sixty feet high, with branches only at the very top where the cocoanuts grew.

The cook, who was a French Canadian and an old Australian miner, prepared an oven to cook bread, some flour having been saved. A hole was dug in the ground, and in it a big fire made of the cocoanut husks. After getting the ground hot the ashes were all cleaned out, and the pan of bread put in the hole and covered over with dirt, and a big fire built on top. Splendid bread was thus made, but only one small piece a day was served out, as it could not last long, and from all appearances we were destined to remain many weeks.

The work on the long boat was pushed rapidly forward and it was soon ready for sea. Thursday, January 10, the boat sailed in charge of the second officer, W. H. Dhroné, with a crew of four men who had volunteered to go, the first officer being sick and confined to his bed for some days.

The boat was provisioned with what stores could be spared that had been saved, the remainder being cocoanuts. The milk of the cocoanut

made an excellent drink, as no fresh water could be found on the island. A pool of brackish water was found, and several coal-oil cases were washed clean and filled with the water, as it was better than salt water and could be drunk in case of emergency.

The captain's orders were to proceed to Jaluit, where a German trading-station was supposed to be. The island lay dead to windward. If not possible to get there, the order was to proceed to Ulan Island, which lay to the southwest some 300 miles, and if no assistance could be obtained there, to work his way to the westward to China. One of the king's sons had been induced to go, we thinking if he went we should be free from any harm, as the natives would wait his return. But in sailing down the lagoon and beating up outside the reef in rough water, the native got seasick, and when the boat passed the island he jumped overboard and swam to the shore. His only explanation was by holding his hand on his stomach and heaving, crying "No good! no good!" it being all the English he could speak at that time.

For some days the boats and canoes went to the wreck and succeeded in picking up considerable many cases of oil and broken spars, as they would serve should the captain decide to build a

schooner. The oil was used for lights, taking a cocoanut shell and filling it with oil, and using for a wick the ravelings of cotton canvas. The natives were not slow to adopt anything new, and before many days every man, woman and child had a lamp.

Cruises were made all over the island, searching for some signs to indicate that civilized people had visited the place before. After finding the natives had guns, knives and a few such things, we had conclusive evidence that some kind of a vessel had been to the island before. In one hut, standing in the corner, was an empty whiskey bottle with "A. P. Hataling & Co., San Francisco," stamped in the glass. So we concluded that traders had called there.

We found the island to be about three-quarters of a mile long and one-quarter of a mile wide, and about two feet above the level of the sea, and that the tide rose and fell six feet. The top of the island is good soil, but at low water we could see nothing but coral. The island was thickly wooded with cocoanut, bread-fruit and pandana trees, and an undergrowth of bushes in places impenetrable.

The natives numbered about one hundred and fifty, and lived all over the island in little huts, with foot-paths leading through the trees to them.

The native children wear no clothes. The women wear a mat tied about the waist. The men wear a square mat with the two ends passed between the legs and tied about the waist. When in full dress they wear a lot of prepared leaves strung on a string and tied about the waist; and their ears, which have large holes in them, are filled with flowers. From their language we made up the following list:

English words with native meanings:

"I want a smoke,"	<i>Igo Nor-tar co-bar-ta.</i>
"I want some kai kai (food),"	<i>Igo Nar-tar Mon-ga.</i>
"Come here,"	<i>Con-E-Tuck.</i>
"Go away,"	<i>Gon-E-Luk.</i>
"Stand up,"	<i>Jo-duk.</i>
"Sit down,"	<i>Chese-it.</i>
"Thank you,"	<i>Com-o.</i>
"Very good,"	<i>Emun.</i>
"No good,"	<i>Anana.</i>
"Cocoanut to drink,"	<i>Nye.</i>
"Baked cocoanut,"	<i>Ewe.</i>
"Throw out,"	<i>Jo-luk.</i>
"Yes,"	<i>In-gar.</i>

A flag pole was erected at the southeast end of the island, with a long piece of canvas flying, and a man was kept on watch, but after a few weeks this was abandoned. Several rafts were made and set adrift, with a coal oil can lashed on top containing an account of the wreck, thinking

they might drift in the path of some passing ship, and friends would come and take us off.

The boats, in cruising down the lagoon, found a part of the ship's deck floating, and so towed it to the island. The captain then decided to build a schooner, and the boats were sent down the reef every day to pick up any wood found floating, and succeeded in saving enough deck plank to plank a good sized schooner. All hands then went to work with a will to build a schooner, getting the frame from a large bread-fruit tree which the natives had cut down to build canoes. The men worked early and late, having only one meal a day, except cocoanuts and the tropical fruits which grew on the island served up in various styles. The old cocoanuts in which the milk had congealed were put in the ground and baked, and when finished, tasted delicious. These were called by the natives, *ewes*. The natives would bring them all cooked and trade them for a shirt or any little thing that pleased the eye.

Several graveyards were found on different parts of the island containing a dozen or more graves, and whenever a cocoanut was found near a grave the natives would not touch it, but left it for the dead to eat—so they said. But when the *ewe* cocoanuts commenced to grow scarce the

sailors would go to the graveyards at night and bring them in by the basketful. As but little provision had been saved, it was necessary to eat the native food, and all hands soon became accustomed to it, and when the provisions had given out they were not missed. The native food consisted mainly of cocoanuts, pandanas, and bread fruit. The cocoanuts lasted the year round, and small buds, green cocoanuts in every stage, and old ones, could all be obtained from one tree. It takes eighteen months for a cocoanut to grow. The green cocoanuts are called by the natives *nye*, and are used instead of water to drink, saving the soft, pulpy matter inside to eat, by scraping it out with the thumb, which was quite dexterously done, and the art was soon learned by our party. The old cocoanuts were called *ewes*, and seldom eaten raw, except with some other mixtures. *Tara* root grows on the island in abundance, resembling an artichoke, and the women would bake it on hot stones, then pound it up fine and mix it with grated cocoanut, resembling a fish ball; this was called *kurri gurri*, and was very fine eating, as a meal could be made from it. Another principal article of food, called *perue*, was made from rotten wood. Where the wood was obtained we could not find out, but we saw large

pieces in the houses light as cork. The wood was pounded up fine and mixed with brackish water in a trough, and when mixed resembled thick mud, but was much more dirty looking, it being of a black color. It was then made into little rolls and rolled in grated cocoanut, wrapped in leaves, and baked on hot stones. This dish was hard to relish, but when hungry it tasted good and helped to fill up. The pandana, called by the natives *bulb*, grows only during the winter months. I grew one as large as a good-sized pumpkin and perfectly round, the outside resembling a pineapple, but of a green color; the inside was yellow and juicy, but hard as a rock, and it required good teeth to suck and chew it. This fruit was eaten green during the season, and always carried on the canoes to eat when going on a journey. Another way of using it for shipment to King John, the head king of the Marshall group, was to pound it up fine and lay it out in big sheets on framework netting to dry. When properly dry, it was rolled into various-sized rolls, from one to four feet in length and four inches in diameter, and then nicely covered with pandana leaves and secured with a thumb line. When thus prepared it is called *tanguin*, and will keep for any length of time.



The bread-fruit grows during the summer months. The outside skin is like an orange, of a green color. The inside is soft and pulpy and full of milk. The natives roll it in leaves and bake it, when it is spongy like bread, and is preferable to bread in warm weather, when one has acquired the taste. It did not take long to learn to say "*Con-E-Tuk, Ego-Narta-Monga*," meaning, "Come here, I want something to eat." And it pleased the natives so much to hear their language spoken by white people, that they would always give it.

The island had a few trees or bushes like a banana tree, and the fruit resembled the banana but was much larger. These were picked when green and buried in the ground for three days, then hung up in the house and let ripen. Arrow-root grew in abundance all over the island. This was obtained by burning over the land, and was dug up, then dried and pounded up fine and put in mat bags to sell traders that called at the island for cobra. Cobra is the old cocoanut meat cut out of the shell and dried in the sun, and is bought by traders and sent to Germany and the United States, where the oil is pressed out and the meat used for feed for horses. The natives make some oil which they use to put on the hair, making it a glossy black.

The native food agreed with all hands, and when the provisions gave out they were not missed. Mrs. H. did not relish it very well, but flour and some provisions were reserved for her, and with these and the native food she got along very well. When rescued by the Essex, the green cocoanut milk to drink was missed, and on the ship's arrival at Jaluit a supply of cocoanuts was taken on board, which lasted until the ship reached Yokohama.

Fish was obtained with but little trouble, and by watching the heavy surf dashing against the reef, fish could be seen swimming along the edge of the breaker as it curled over. When fish day came, all the natives of the island would gather with their long spears, and then take a cocoanut tree and split it in two pieces and fasten them together in a long string. Each man would take a spear, the king leading, and walk out for a long distance in the lagoon, the water on the north side of the island being shoal, and with the long string of cocoanut tree leaves would scare the fish into shoal water close to the island and spear them, catching enough to last for some time.

When there was no moon the natives would go out to catch flying fish and return with a barrel full in a few hours. On one of the expeditions I

obtained the king's consent to go with him. During the afternoon all the natives that were going set to work making torches. The dried cocoanut tree leaves were gathered up and bound closely together for torches. As the sun sank below the horizon, a file of natives came along with the king ahead, each man carrying one or more torches and a scoop net.

Taking Mr. Percy, the third officer, and Will Jackson, one of the boys, for company, we followed along to the canoe, first getting our pipes and a handful of oakum to smoke during the night. The canoe was long and very heavy: The natives all gathered around the canoe and with a loud yell like an Indian war-whoop, they pushed the canoe into deep water. The natives then carried us out to the canoe on their backs. After getting safely on board we proceeded to light our pipes and make ourselves comfortable.

The canoe drifted slowly down the lagoon, the natives being in no hurry, as no fish could be caught until it was dark. After drifting for a mile or more, the canoe was then paddled toward the lee reef and launched through the breakers out into the ocean. The sail was then hoisted, and away we sped like a race-horse before the wind. A man was stationed in the bow with a

lighted torch, which cast a lurid glare for some distance around. Behind the man with the torch, on each side, on the out-riggers and on the stern, was a man with a scoop net. The fish could be seen lying on the top of the water, as we sailed along, with out-spread wings. The scoop nets would descend and scoop them up, and they were then thrown into the canoe. The glare of the torch would attract the fish and they would fly for it, striking us on the head and body, until it seemed like a shower of bullets from some unseen foe. The natives with wonderful dexterity would swing the net, catching them on the fly and in the water, and what one man would miss the others would get.

Sometimes the water would be so full of sharks that the net could not be swung quick enough to catch the fish and the shark would have it. Big sharks with long, flat noses would come and strike the canoe, seemingly bent on its destruction, and the sides being rather thin I was afraid of that myself. My time was spent principally with a long spear, shoving it into the sharks which came alongside, but when one was struck it would disappear and a dozen others take its place. Some of them had mouths big enough to bite a man in two pieces. The water seemed alive with sharks.

After running until the torches had burned out, the sail was then lowered and a lunch eaten, consisting of roast fish, which one man had been busy roasting in the bottom of the canoe, without cleaning. The natives would eat them, smack their lips and jabber, and seemed to enjoy the sport. For dessert they had pandanas and coconut milk, which we ate with a relish, saving our share of fish to be properly cleaned and cooked.

After lunch we filled our pipes with oakum and passed them around to the natives to have a smoke. The sail was then hoisted and we ran into the lagoon through one of the passages and beat up to the island, arriving about midnight, much to Mrs. H.'s satisfaction, as she had expected we had all been capsized, murdered, or shared some other fate.

In the morning the king divided up the fish, giving each of us as many as were given the natives. Over a barrel had been caught, and they proved very fine eating. The third officer and Will Jackson used to go out fishing whenever the natives went, and get their share of fish, but I valued life too highly, after what I had passed through, to go out in a canoe and run the risk of capsizing and getting eaten up by a shark. So I remained on shore and helped eat up the fish.

The nearest approach to cannibalism seen among the natives was picking up raw fish and sucking out the eyes and brains, which was done with a relish; also getting gull's eggs that were nearly ready to hatch and eating them, when sometimes birds would be in them with feathers on.

The steward, Frank Silva, had been sick for some time previous to the time the ship was wrecked, but had got nicely, and was about attending to his duties. At the time of the wreck he was wet and in the water for some hours. A few days after arriving on the island he commenced to complain, and was soon unable to be around. He gradually failed, and on Monday, March 10, his mind left him. Watchers were kept by his side, and everything possible was done for him without avail, and he breathed his last at two o'clock on the morning of March 15. At nine A.M. the body was sewed up in mats and placed on a rude bier and covered with the American flag.

A grave had been dug by Will Jackson early in the morning. All the natives on the island came to view the body as soon as it was known the steward was dead. The procession was headed by the captain and first officer. The body was borne on the shoulders of four seamen, and

followed by the rest of his shipmates, and the natives. We proceeded to the northwest corner of the island with uncovered heads. The Protestant burial service was then read by the first officer, and the body lowered to its final resting-place.

This scene was a solemn and impressive one and cast a gloom over the shipwrecked party, yet one of our number had been released from his sufferings and was at rest. A simple cross was erected over the grave, and carved on it was:

FRANK SILVA,  
Steward American Ship Rainier.  
Wrecked January 2, 1884.  
Died March 15, 1884.

Should the island ever be visited by white people, this one spot will remain fresh in their memory. On a slight mound covered with the spreading branches of the cocoanut tree the grave was dug, and from it can be seen to the northwest, as far as the eye can reach on either side, a foaming mass of breakers as they dash against the coral reefs.

After the burial, the schooner which had been built and was ready for sea got under weigh and proceeded down the lagoon to the passage which led out through the reef, and came to anchor to wait for a favorable opportunity to sail. Mrs. H.

was at that time quite sick, and the death of the steward caused such a shock to her nervous system that it was many weeks before she recovered. At one time her life was despaired of, but she gradually gained strength. The medicine had mostly been used on the ship, as there had been considerable sickness, and what remained at the time of the wreck was quickly used, as some one was sick all the time.

Being so much in the water, salt water sores had broken out and many had the fever. The severe strain and anxiety of the captain was more than he could stand, and he became partially paralyzed, and on February 15, became speechless and remained so until rescued by the Essex, when under the experienced treatment of Surgeon Ruth, U. S. N., he gradually improved. The third officer was stricken down and for days his life was given up. He wasted away to a mere skeleton, but his iron constitution carried him through and he recovered.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## NATIVES AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

THE native men were a finely built class and very wiry, and in wrestling with each other would exhibit wonderful muscular power. Their speed in running was something wonderful, they making long leaps with apparently great ease. Although treacherous and villainous looking, they were kind to their children and wives. The men did what outside work was to be done, although most of the time they would lie under the trees and drink cocoanut milk.

The king and his son showed considerable dignity and considered themselves above the common Kanaka, the latter doing what work was to be done and climbing the trees for cocoanuts. None could be taken without the king's or his son's consent, and every night the natives from all over the island would bring him baskets of cocoanuts and he would divide them out for each family. All seemed to respect and fear the king. The king and his son were allowed two wives, but all the others could only have one. If a man had a daughter or wife the king wanted, he would take

her for his wife and give the one he liked the least to some Kanaka. No man was allowed a wife without the king's consent.

The women for the most part were fine looking and well built, wearing nothing but a mat tied around the waist and extending to the feet. They did all of the cooking and made the mats which were used for clothes by both men and women, and also made all the mats which were used for sails for the canoes. They seemed to think a great deal of their children, watching and caring for them.

The children were bright and intelligent, picking up English words very fast. A small child, ten years of age, would climb the loftiest trees with perfect ease. Making a small strap to go around each foot so as to circle half of the tree, they would then go up like monkeys. Of an afternoon, a dozen or more could be seen playing in the water and sailing their little canoes, and sometimes it seemed more like a civilized place than it did to be among savages, expecting every moment a spear to whiz through the air and pin you to the ground.

The women became great friends with Mrs. H., and would look at her and feel of her hair, apparently wondering how her skin could be so white

and her hair so soft, as their hair was coarse and black and their skin copper colored. The children would crowd about her, which frightened her at first, but she soon forgot her fear and would go to the huts and pick up the children and fondle them, much to the mothers' delight. Her presence in a great measure preserved our lives.

The natives were all very fond of smoking, and if any one was seen smoking the natives would gather as if by magic—men, women and children—and the pipes would have to be passed around. After the tobacco was gone and dried leaves and oakum was smoked, they did not trouble us so much. During the evening they would come and sit in and about the hut and nothing could stir them. Doors were fixed, and after that they would not come in without permission.

Tobacco was in great demand by every one, and when gone the king bought all the clay pipes he could find, giving in return cocoanuts. He would pound the pipes into little pieces and put them in a pipe with some ashes, and have quite a smoke. It did not take long to make pipes scarce, and the men were then obliged to pass the pipe around.

The canoes were a skillful piece of workmanship. The hull was made in five pieces, and not a nail was used. Two sides, a bottom and two

ends were lashed together, placing a cocoanut leaf between the joints, and when lashed securely and wet the leaf would swell and make the canoes water tight. The only tool used was an adze made from a hard pearl shell. The parts of the canoe were hewed out from the bread-fruit tree. Some of the large canoes were thirty feet long, and about three feet wide and six deep. They were kept upright in the water by a large framework securely lashed on top, extending out over the side as an out-rigger, and fastened to a large log of wood sharpened at both ends. They carried one enormous sail, and would sail like the wind. On the top of the framework a little house is built to accommodate the women and children when long journeys are taken. They require great skill in handling, and the natives are perfect in the art. The small canoes are light and can be carried on the back, but are hard to paddle, as to one not accustomed they will turn around in a circle. The third officer, in walking about, saw one lying on the beach and so shoved it off and jumped in, but he could not handle it and was only saved from drifting into the breakers by one of the natives swimming out and pushing the canoe to the shore. He concluded to make no more attempts to handle canoes.

The houses are of ingenious construction. Small saplings were tied together and the framework of a house would thus be made. The coconut tree leaf was then split in two pieces and plaited together, making a large leaf clapboard. They were then tied on to the frame-works, and would keep the rain from coming in.

The natives sleep on mats laid on the ground. The houses are kept neat and clean.

The natives seem to have no skill in caring for the sick, who are left to themselves while nature takes its course. The king informed the first officer one morning that a woman had given birth to a child. On going to the house, the woman was out walking around with the child.

In walking over the island one day a man was discovered sitting under a tree apparently sick. On approaching him it was discovered that his leg from the knee down was rotting away. To all appearances he had been banished from his house and had gone to the center of the island to die. The trees and bushes on some parts of the island were impenetrable. On inquiring about the man of one of the natives, he only said: "Kanakan, anna," meaning "no good." "Bum-bye emid," meaning "die" or "dead." In gaining any information of questions asked, the reply would be

in a conglomeration of English and Kanaka words mixed up, necessarily causing a white person to guess at about one-half that was said.

When a native dies they wrap him carefully up in mats and secure them with ropes. The graves are dug about two feet deep, and after covering the body with earth the grave is heaped with rocks. The king said this was done to keep the person from coming back. A paddle which the person has used is stuck at the head and feet, for the dead to use in paddling across the river Styx. The body of the steward had been buried but a few days when the king came to the first officer and requested him to have the grave covered with rocks, and on his refusing to do so, the king said, "No good. Bum-bye steward come back. No good." He immediately went and ordered the Kanakas to do so. Visiting the grave the following morning, it was found that more than a ton of rock had been brought there. The king said, "Emun, Emun," meaning "very good." "Steward no come back." The body of "Libogen" had been buried on a small island by itself some twenty miles down the reef, and as the king requested no person to land there it was not visited.

The natives seemed to think the captain a great medicine man, and when anyone was sick they

would come to him for help. A dose of anything would apparently relieve them, as nothing more would be heard of their complaint. After the captain had sailed in the schooner the chief Lizan was taken very sick, and the first officer was sent to for assistance. Having a bottle of whiskey which had been reserved as medicine for Mrs. H., a little was poured in a glass and taken to him and instructions were given to soak the feet in hot salt water. A little mustard was dropped in, much to the wonderment of the chief. But it effected a speedy cure. The natives had been rather cross for several days and would give the men no food, but after the cure of the chief food was sent to the huts every day.

The principal trouble from the natives was their thieving propensities, they taking anything they could lay their hands on, and it was impossible to detect them. Two barrels of beef had been saved from the wreck, and the pieces of beef were taken and hung on a line under the trees, as exposure to the air would keep the meat for a long time. But it disappeared piece by piece during the night. Sometimes shadows would be seen flitting about, and on giving chase they would run like a deer and disappear.

All our men had houses built for them, giving

in payment some article of clothing. Two men would own a house together. The natives would watch what was done with a hat or cap, or any article of clothing that would be hung up, and when night came they would steal quietly to the hut and cut a hole in the side of the house, put their hand in and take all that was in their reach. The cook, a comical genius, had considerable many things which were kept securely locked in a Saratoga; and having grave fears as to possessing them long, he got a big stick of wood and laid it by his side. He was awakened one night by hearing and seeing his trunk move slowly from his side toward the door as if by magic. With one bound and a yell he sprung for the door, but by falling over his trunk the would-be thief made good his escape. A few nights after this he awoke feeling cold and discovered his blanket slowly disappearing through a hole cut in the side of the house. Giving chase to the thief, the blanket was dropped and so recovered. To have his hut thief-proof, he then drove stakes close together all around the inside of the hut.

The third officer and Will Jackson, both Maine boys, occupied a house together but a short distance from the captain's, and so felt perfectly secure. On going to a bag of clothes, which had



been setting by the side of the house, to obtain some article, much to their surprise they found nothing. A hole had been cut in the side of the house and into the bag and every article of clothes had been taken. The bag being made of heavy canvas and stiff, had remained in the same shape after the clothes had been taken out.

The captain and mate's house was never troubled. During the first week of the party's stay on the island the first officer had shown the king the rifles and how they could be fired, and gave him to understand he would use them if required. They were always kept ready for use. The depredations were generally made during the night. Will Jackson lost two silk handkerchiefs which he had washed and hung up to dry in his hut. Reporting the same to the king's head-fighter, with whom he was a great friend, the island was searched and the handkerchiefs found. The man was ordered punished by the king, and the punishment must have been severe as he presented a frightful appearance a few days after, all his eyebrows and eye-winkers having been pulled out.

Mrs. H. was presented with a little dog by one of the king's wives, and she became very much attached to it. It would set up a howling indescribable if any one approached. It must have

been of a peculiar breed from the howls which came from so small a body. The attractive name of "Schnider" was given it. The dog was taken on board the "Essex" and on the ship's arrival at Yokohama was presented to Captain McCormick, with whom "Schnider" had become a great favorite.

The natives seemed to be as ready for an attack upon them as the captain was on him. As seated in the hut one evening watching the rats with which the island was infested scamper around, the first officer took his revolver and fired at one. Hearing a commotion outside a little later, and going without, we found a dozen or more natives armed with Prussian needle guns and long spears. On showing them the rat which had been killed, they gave a grunt and left. They had quite a number of guns on the island and much ammunition, but were not skilled in the handling of fire-arms. The guns were obtained from traders who came to the island for cobra.

The natives exhibited wonderful feats in swimming, and can remain under water for a great length of time.

A native woman had formed a great liking for Mrs. H., she having taught her some English. Not having a chance to see her the morning the

"Essex" arrived, and finding Mrs. H. had gone on board the ship, the woman plunged into the breakers, swam to the ship's side, and was taken on board. Seeing Mrs. H., she rushed to her and throwing her dripping arms about her neck, cried and begged to go with her.

The principal tool used by the natives is the adze and is made from pearl, which is found among the coral at great depth. They will dive under water and swim along the bottom for some time until the pearl is found. It is then ground down to a sharp edge and fastened to a crooked stick, and serves to cut the wood to make their canoes.

The castaways had not been long on the island before their stock of clothes had greatly diminished; as to obtain anything from the natives required some payment, generally articles of clothing, such as shirts, pants, or coats, and clothes with any holes were not acceptable. To build a house, which would occupy two or three hours, would cost a shirt or a pair of pants, and the most of the crew that sailed in the schooner were arrayed in canvas clothes made from the sails which had been saved.

The Sabbath, which was duly observed by the castaways by reading and singing, was "dress up

day," and to see the natives appear out was interesting as well as amusing. Being under the burning rays of the tropical sun the heat was intense, and the warmest days would find the king dressed up in a navy pilot cloth overcoat, with linen pants, and what is called by sailors a south-wester or "sou'-wester," made of canvas and painted black. With this rig he would march around and make his calls, and to see him one would judge he was suffering from a severe cold. With him might be seen a Kanaka with nothing on the body but a mat about the loins and a collar around the neck tied together with a string. The contrast was admirable. The king would cruise about the island, examining every Kanaka hut to see what clothing might be found, and anything he saw that suited his fancy he would put on and wear. None could be induced to wear boots or shoes, so they were at a discount, although when picked up nearly all of the men were barefooted.

Commander McCormick presented the king with several axes, spades, saws, tobacco, rice, and hardbread. The tobacco pleased him the most, as there had been none for many weeks.

The soil of the island is very fertile, but the salt air burns whatever is planted. A garden was made and beans were planted, which appeared

above the ground in two days, and potato sprouts were seen in three days, but they withered and dried up after they had grown a few inches in height.

Two live sheep which were obtained at Norfolk Island were saved, and did nicely and grew very fat, but they became wild and would not come near the huts. In trying to kill one, they being in line, the shot went through one into the other, and we were obliged to kill it. The rabbits became quite tame and would run about among the houses. The natives, in trying to catch them, made them run so hard that one was found dead near the house, and soon after the other died, it having no mate. Several chickens, turkeys and ducks were saved, and some chickens were raised. Washington's birthday was celebrated by having chicken soup, and a turkey was killed and put on a stick and held over the fire until it was roasted. Having no salt the food became tasteless, and a distillery was made to make it. Coal oil tins were washed clean and salt water boiled down, which made very good salt.

The island was alive with rats, lizards and centipedes, the last being poisonous. One was found in the bed by Mrs. H., and she, not being of a curious nature, decided to let it remain until it

was seen by some one else. A native was called, who on seeing it cried: "Anana! Anana! Bum-bye emid," meaning no good, and if bitten one would die. The king said Kanakas sometimes are bitten and die. The lizards would crawl all about the huts and over our feet, and when asleep at night would crawl over the bed. Being harmless they were never injured. An evening's entertainment, watching the frolics of the lizards and rats, surpassed a first-class variety performance.

Occasional visits were made to the wreck, which lay in three pieces on the reef, thrown up by the heavy force of the seas and entangled with the spars, chainwork and wire rigging, but the spars soon ground to pieces. It required a day's journey to go to the wreck and return. Noticing a heavy smoke in the direction of the ship we thought a steamer must be in sight, and proceeding down the lagoon it was discovered that the wreck had been set on fire, by the king's order, by natives from an island thirty miles down the lagoon. Considerable of the wreck was burned, but the rising tide put out the fire. Several boat loads of iron bolts were picked up and brought to the island.

A curious phenomenon was noticed in the tides. Sometimes for a week it would be high water, a

foot higher, and it would submerge a greater part of the island. Another week we would have low water, and the bottom of the lagoon for a long distance would be dry, presenting a grand picture of the coral forest which existed beneath the sea.

The native religion, so far as could be ascertained, consisted mainly in trying to drive away the evil spirits which they believe constantly hover about them. The changes of the moon, or the visit of some other tribe, or if any of their undertakings or expeditions have been a success, are celebrated by a great pow-wow. All the natives of the island assemble together. The women beat the instruments with their hands, consisting of pieces of the trunk of a tree made hollow and covered with shark's skin. The musicians sit in a circle, the rest in the background. In the center of the circle sits the king, who is relieved when tired by some other man of high degree, with bunches of black feathers tied about his wrists and arms, with no clothes on, and flowers in bouquet form stuck in the large holes in his ears. At a given signal the women commence to beat the tom-toms with their hands, emitting a dull sound, but keeping good time. The king chants and shakes his arm in a most grotesque

manner, resembling a lunatic more than anything else, and should the evil spirit be around, he would no doubt immediately leave for "Arizona." The women all respond to the chanting, and keep it up for some time. When the king is tired of shaking his arms, he is relieved by some other man of high rank. The ceremony lasts for several hours, and when finished all partake of a feast of the different assortments of native food, which is brought to the king by the natives for the occasion.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SPIRIT OF LIBOGEN.

HAVING been on the lonely island three months our hearts became despondent, and the natives began to show signs of hostilities, no doubt being tired of our company. We had given them nearly all the clothes we possessed, and our wardrobe had grown very seedy and our provisions were all gone. So we were dependent on them for our daily food of cocoanuts and bread-fruit, and this being without any pay caused great dissatisfaction among them.

I now determined to fit up the two quarter boats, which I had hauled up close to my house, they being in good condition, to leave the island at any time. My greatest difficulty was to steer the boat without any compass. I gave one of the quarter boats to the seven men that were with me and kept the other one for Mrs. H., the third officer, Mr. Percey, and myself. The third officer commenced to fit a mast and make the sails, while I set to work to construct a compass to guide me by night as well as by day. An old piece of ship's metal was cut square and hammered down smooth

with a wooden mallet. One side was polished bright, and on it was marked out a compass. The point was marked east to the sun when it arose in the morning, and leaving it on the ground in that position until night we then marked out the bearings of the different constellations. With this instrument, if you will call it such, I determined to start before the wind for China, the nearest civilized place, 3,000 miles distant.

The king of the island had been watching our preparations, and when I told him we were going to leave the island if "king no good to white cannibals," as they called us, he said: "Canoe no good. Second mate emid," meaning dead, "Captain emid. Spose mate go, Emma go. Sun finish here," pointing to the sun, then in the west. "All emid." His meaning was that if we started in the boats they would be capsized by the strong wind, and before night all would be dead, as were the captain and second mate who had sailed away in the schooner and the long boat three months before. The king supposed they had been sunk and all on board lost.

During the evening following the day on which I had informed the king of my intentions to leave the island, I was seated in my little house conversing with Mrs. H., and smoking a pipe of

oakum, when Noma, one of the king's wives, came to the door and in Kanaka and a little pigeon English which Mrs. H. had taught her, informed me that Libogen had come to the island and wanted to talk with me, and the king had sent for me to come to his house. Previous to this time the king had often spoken of Libogen, and at one time had said, "White Kanaka belong to Libogen"; and when I asked what he meant, said: "So long time Libogen speak king one night. King take canoe, go down reef and find too big canoe all broke. Plenty white Kanakas. Spose king no good to white Kanakas. Bumbye man-of-war come and bum-bum king. So he go down reef one morning, and see big canoe all broke. He get white Kanakas. So white Kanakas belong Libogen."

So to Libogen we must owe the assistance by the natives in landing through the heavy surf, as no island could be seen from the ship, and what had brought the natives down the lagoon at that early hour was a mystery to us all. On further inquiry, I found that all their movements on any journey by canoe were governed by a spirit called "Libogen," who had died in the house which we lived in (formerly the king's "palace"). Whether it was a woman or child, I could not

find out; but Libogen was some human being whom they all worshiped, and whose spirit still came at times to visit the king and his family, and they were the only ones who could converse with the spirit. The body of Libogen had been buried on a small island some twenty miles down the lagoon, and no person was ever allowed to land there, except the king and his family. After giving me this information, I asked the king to tell me when Libogen came again, as I would like to talk with her, but not being a believer in spiritualism, I thought no more about it until the king sent for me.

I was somewhat awe-struck at the king's request, and more so was Mrs. H., but she grasping my arm with a nervous grip, we proceeded to the king's house, a small cottage, the frame-work made of small saplings covered with leaves from the pandana tree. On our arrival we found the third officer and the seven sailors gathered near the door, and also many of the Kanakas, listening with sober, long-drawn faces to the mysterious talking of an invisible spirit. The king beckoned for us to come in, and we were seated by the king in the center of the house, surrounded by the members of his family, who took but little notice of our arrival, they being greatly interested in the spirit's conversation.

The king continued talking with the spirit for some time, and the voice could be distinctly heard first in one part of the house, then quickly changing to the opposite side, now overhead, again alongside of me, and with my slight knowledge of the language I could distinguish some of the words spoken. The voice sounded or spoke in the tone of a whistle, and was fully as mysterious as it was wonderful. After a little time, the king said: "Libogen would speak to mate." So I gave the king to understand that I wanted to know what had become of the second mate in the long boat, and the schooner in which the captain had sailed away with thirteen of the crew, and if we were ever going to be rescued from this lonely island.

The king asked my questions, and the spirit told him that the second mate had been picked up near an island called Pornipette (an island which they had never known existed, but which proved to be near where the boat's crew were rescued), and that Captain M. had arrived in the schooner at Jaluit, but he was sick and could not come, and that all the schooners were away, but the captain was all right, and in one week a schooner would come to the island, and that the captain would send a schooner as soon as one could be got, but

in two weeks a big schooner would come and the second mate would come, and we would all be rescued. Libogen said the steward who had died was buried on Ujea, but his spirit was with her.

The conversation lasted some time, and when finished I was told to say "Good-night, Libogen," which I did, and was answered by "Good-night, mate," in as plain English as I could speak myself. Mrs. H. was asked to do the same and was plainly answered "Good-night, Emma."

Such wonderful information was more than my brain could conceive to be true, and the days of the following week seemed a lifetime. Slowly the days passed until Saturday night came, and we all anxiously waited the coming morrow with wavering faith. During the evening the king came to the house, as was his custom every evening, to get a few whiffs of my pipe of oakum, as our tobacco had given out many weeks before, and a smoke of oakum or dried leaves was a luxury, although I had a little tea which had been wet with salt water and dried, which I was saving to give the king to smoke in payment for some bread-fruit or cocoanuts when we were hungry.

The king seated himself on the floor and I refilled the pipe with oakum and gave it to him. After smoking a few moments he said:

"Libogen speak, to-morrow schooner come," to which I replied: "Libogen too much lie. No speak true."

"No, no, no," said the king, "to-morrow come, sun finish, and schooner come. Libogen no lie, always speak true."

It must be remembered that all kinds of craft seemed a schooner to the natives, since having seen our schooner built and sailed away. No doubt it was the largest vessel many of them had ever seen; although the king, who was an old man, may have seen large vessels, and from what I could learn had at some time seen a man-of-war and heard them fire their big guns, and to mention man-of-war to him caused him great annoyance. Oftentimes he would say: "Spouse king good, man-of-war no bum-bum king." To this I would reply: "Spouse king good and give white Kanaka plenty kai-kai (food), man-of-war no bum-bum king." And with this he would go away satisfied, and invariably send us some cocoanuts.

Sunday morning came at last, and saw ten eager watchers for some signs of deliverance from our island prison. The hours dragged slowly by, and the sun was nearing the western horizon. Anxious eyes had grown dim with watching, when a shout was heard from one man to another the

whole length of the island. The king, who was standing near me, shouted: "Schooner come! Libogen no lie." The whole island was aroused, and the shouting and yelling was indescribable, the natives running this way and that in confusion. Quickly grasping my glass, I started for the other end of the island off which the sail had been seen, and with long strides, followed by the rest of the crew, soon reached a point of the island where a sail could be dimly seen bearing down on us.

With my glasses I could distinguish a curiously built craft with a large, three-cornered sail, and on near approach could see many naked savages, with which the vessel swarmed. I immediately made up my mind that our deliverance might be from life but not from bondage, and determined to return to my hut and arm the crew with the rifles which we had and hold out for our lives as long as possible. But my fears were quickly allayed by the king, who said: "Never mind, Kanakas no hurt mate." So I returned to my house to inform the anxious Mrs. H. that our deliverance had not yet come.

The first part of the spirit's prophecy had come true, and the following Sunday was the day set by Libogen for the second mate to come in a



schooner and rescue us. The week dragged slowly by, and the weather which had been fine and pleasant with a strong breeze now became hot and disagreeable, and the rain came down in torrents, it being the change of the monsoons. The mosquitoes came in swarms, seemingly bent on eating us up. Having no shoes, we were obliged to hang our feet out of the door in the rain to keep the mosquitoes off, and then fan the rest of our person to be able to live in peace. Our misery was nearly complete, and if deliverance came not on the morrow hope was akin to despair.

During the evening, Mrs. H. was patching a morning gown with a piece of bed ticking, the gown resembling Joseph's coat of many colors, while the third officer and myself were enjoying the luxury of a smoke of tea, prognosticating what the morrow might bring forth, when suddenly Mrs. H. started up exclaiming, "I hear a gun." In a few moments a native came running to the hut, saying, "Schooner come and bum bum," but hearing no more sounds we concluded it was all imagination and lay down to sleep.

The morning dawned and with it came a drizzly rain and hot, sultry weather, and the prospect seemed a gloomy one even though assistance might be near, as a dense fog surrounded the

island, so thick that even the reef could not be seen, though only a short distance away.

No cocoanuts had been brought to us the previous day and so we had nothing to eat, since the natives, like ourselves, remained under cover out of the rain, and the trees being so high it was impossible for us to climb them to get any nuts. Toward eight o'clock the fog lifted a little, and I was seated at the door talking with the third officer, looking out on the dreary waste of water, when—boom!—the sound of a big gun came across the water, and in a short time the island was all astir. I had previously appointed each man a station so that a system of communication could be had from all points of the island, which was some three-fourths of a mile long by one-fourth of a mile wide. I immediately sent the men out with orders to report anything that might be seen, as the gun must have been from a ship in distress, or else assistance was near. Hardly had the men started when another boom came rolling along, and apparently not far distant, and soon after the shout came from one man to another until it reached our little hut—that gladly welcome shout which pen fails to describe, "Sail ho! Sail ho!" With the shout came two of the men, who reported a large vessel off the southwest end

of the island with fore and aft sails on, apparently passing by. There was no time to lose if such were the fact, and the natives who were fast gathering helped us launch the boat, and in a short time four men were pulling me rapidly down the lagoon.

We were obliged to pull for some distance down the reef before a safe crossing could be found, as the surf ran so high and washed with such force against the coral reef. So soon as a safe place could be seen, the boat was headed for the reef and all hands jumped into the water and pulled the boat over the reef, ready to launch through the surf as soon as a chance was offered. With a loud hurrah the boat was shoved into the surf, we jumped in, and quickly grasping the oars with a few bold strokes the boat was clear of the breakers and we were pulling for a large vessel which came to view around the point some three miles away. Soon we could discern that the vessel was under steam, and all sail had been taken in. The stars and stripes were floating at the peak, and on near approach the first face I could distinguish among the many who swarmed her sides was that of our old second mate, W. H. Dhrone, whom we had long since mourned as dead, but through whose brave endeavors, under painful circumstances, we were rescued from our island prison.

Hardly had the boat reached the side of the unknown ship when an officer shouted from the bridge:

"Is Mrs. H. alive and well?"

"Yes," was the answer, "but the captain has sailed away in a schooner which we built a month ago, and no news from him as yet. One man, the steward, we have buried, and there are ten of us now on the island."

"Come alongside," was the reply, and as our boat glided alongside a rope was thrown, which was made fast to the boat, and grasping hold of a ladder which had been hung over the side I leaped from the bobbing boat and quickly reached the deck, where I was warmly welcomed by Commander McCormick, who grasped my hand and said:

"Welcome on board of the American man-of-war Essex, sent by the United States government to rescue the crew of the wrecked American ship Rainier."

Imagine, if you can, a prisoner on an island four long, dreary months, with long shaggy hair and beard, clad only in a pair of canvas pants that had once been white, a calico shirt that had no sleeves, and barefooted. Yet I was conducted to the cabin and warmly welcomed by all the officers

of the Essex. Welcomed by warm hearts that protect our country's flag. And as I pulled away from the ship's side to carry the glad tidings to Mrs. H. and those that remained on shore, three cheers rent the air from the crew of one hundred and fifty men of that proud ship, and the faint cheers sent back by the boat's crew came from hearts filled with gratitude to those who sailed under that dear old flag, the stars and stripes—long may they wave! And on that Easter Sabbath, April 13, 1884, while the many thousands of the world were commemorating the resurrection of Christ, none were more thankful than the little band of exiles rescued by the man-of-war Essex.

I leave the reader to judge if the spirit of the departed Libogen had spoken truly or not. I am no spiritualist, but the within facts are true ones, and I must believe what I have seen, for all that the spirit told came true. What the spirit told in regard to the captain's being sick and unable to come to our assistance we found to be true on our arrival at Jaluit, and that a schooner had been sent to our assistance manned by a crew of natives in command of Will Jackson, a Bath boy, who belonged to the Rainier and sailed with Capt. M. in the schooner.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE SECOND MATE'S STORY.

I GOT under weigh at Ujea Island on the morning of January 10, and with a native to pilot me down the lagoon proceeded with a fresh northeast breeze, hauling to the eastward with increased force and squally. About two P.M. we passed through Boke passage in safety, and the broad Pacific was spread before us. My little crew were full of life and good spirits, and with our stock of provisions, which on allowance would last one month, we hoped in that time with favoring winds to have sent assistance to the captain, his daughter, and the remainder of the little group on the island. After passing through Boke passage I trimmed aft the sheets, and commenced to work to the eastward under the lee of the reef and island. Toward night I worked out clear of the island, but found the wind and sea too heavy for the boat, and she being deep and every nook being filled with cocoanuts, I decided to put back and come to anchor for the night under the lee of Ujea, hoping when morning came the wind would be more moderate.

The first night proved rather uncomfortable, as there was no room for five men to stretch out, but we managed by taking turns to get a little sleep. At daylight, finding there was not so much wind, we got under weigh and proceeded to sea. My clock I wound up and put in a safe place so it would not get hurt, as on that I depended for my longitude.

At eight A.M. the island of Ujea bore northeast by compass eight miles, from which I took my departure. During the afternoon the wind commenced to increase, and soon I made up my mind to run on the wind was impossible, and as the seas ran high they rolled into the boat and kept us bailing water a greater part of the time. I then run the boat before the wind, keeping southwest by compass, a direct course for Oulan or Armstrong Island, which bore southwest about 300 miles distant. The third day the wind moderated early in the morning, and so we hauled the boat again on the wind. Having been up all the previous night, I gave the boat in charge of one of the men and stretched out for a little sleep, the weather being quite warm. I was quite exhausted and slept so soundly that I knew nothing until awakened with the sound of a crash and the rush of water, and jumping quickly up I found a squall of wind had

struck the boat, and that the mast had broken off close to the thwart and lay a wreck alongside. The force of the wind had capsized the boat enough to fill her with water, and the breaking of the mast had prevented us from capsizing altogether. All hands commenced to bail out the water, and on examination we found that our barrel of hardbread was soaked with salt water and useless, and what canned goods we had were wet. The cans would soon burst open, and the cocoanuts being wet would soon rot.

Our situation at this time was indeed a gloomy one, but we made the best of it, and so threw out our drag, which we had made before we sailed, and this lay the boat head to the wind until the damage was repaired. Our only tools were a small hatchet and the sheath knives with which we were all supplied. After some difficulty the mast and sail were again in position; so we hauled in the drag and proceeded on our course before the wind, determined to make no more attempts to work to windward.

For days the weather was warm, with squalls of rain which would wet us to the skin, but when over the sun would be so hot that our clothes quickly dried, though the exposure was fast telling on myself and the men. The cocoanuts rotted and

the milk became sour and unfit to drink, but it was all we had, and so we took a swallow at a time to quench our terrible thirst. The hard-bread, being soaked with salt water, was so bad we could eat but little, and most of the canned goods spoiled and burst open, and we were obliged to throw them away. Diarrhœa set in, which soon reduced us to living skeletons, and the men became disheartened and insisted on returning to Ujea. On expostulating with them, I saw that their reason was slowly leaving them, and one of my best men was a maniac. I cheered them up the best I could, but it was a hard trial for me, for I was fully aware I was failing fast, and a few days more of such hunger and thirst would use me up. Fortunately, we managed to catch a little rain during the frequent squalls, but the burning sun, being so close to the equator, rendered it impossible to sleep during the day.

I had managed to get observations every day, and having been out eleven days, I told the men that on the morrow I hoped to make the land, which cheered them up a little, except Peter Dawson, who I readily saw was failing fast and could live but a short time. At daylight the horizon was eagerly scanned, but nothing was to be seen but a gloomy waste of water, and the men again

grew despondent. But I felt sure we should see something during the day. The hours seemed as if they would never pass, and the suspense became almost unbearable. At noon, I obtained a meridian altitude of the sun and found I was but a few miles north of the island, but my longitude, by dead reckoning, assisted by my clock which I had kept wound up (although it had been wet), placed me in the longitude of Oulan Island. With great difficulty, owing to my having become so weak, I managed to get forward and stand upon the gunwale of the boat, holding on to the mast, and looked for some speck to show itself on the horizon. My search was without success, and I felt disheartened and my eyes had grown dim trying to get sight of the much-wished-for land; but I thought I would take one more look ahead, and after looking a few minutes, thought I could see a mere speck on the horizon. My heart leaped for joy and with all my strength I shouted, "Land ho! Right ahead!" The emaciated forms roused up at that cry, except Dawson, who was too far gone to welcome any earthly cry. By standing on the thwarts of the boat, we could distinguish a small speck, which I judged to be about twelve miles away.

At three o'clock the land could be plainly seen

from the boat, sitting down, and all our attention was riveted on the sight. My attention was called by one of the men, who thought he saw something to windward as the boat rose and fell on the heavy swell. After looking a few moments, I could see the royals of some ship, and with a loud cry of "Sail ho!" I dropped into the bottom of the boat exhausted, for I knew that we would be saved. After some little time I roused myself up, and could then see that we were in the track of the coming vessel. So I lowered my sail and hoisted to the mast-head the little American flag so dear to our hearts and highly treasured, having been made by the captain's daughter from red flannel and a blue dungeree jumper, using for stars the captain's white shirt.

I now tried to rouse Dawson up, but found that the approaching sail would make no difference to him, for he was dead. So we covered him up with an oilskin coat, and waited the approach of the coming ship. In a short time the hull could be plainly seen, and soon after we saw the English flag was run up at the gaff, and the vessel was brought to the wind with main yard aback within hailing distance, and the welcome cry was heard:

"Boat ahoy! What boat is that?"

My feeble cry sounded forth:

"The long boat of the American ship Rainier, wrecked on an unknown reef. For God's sake take us on board, for we are dying!"

During this time the boat had drifted close to the vessel, and a line was thrown, which we made fast, and the boat was hauled alongside, and tender hearts and willing hands from the true sons of the British Isles hoisted the living and dead on board. We were kindly cared for. The body of poor Dawson was laid on the main hatch, and covered with our little American flag. The long boat was hoisted on board, the yards filled away, and we proceeded on our course. My story was soon told, and the heart of the kind captain was touched when he heard a woman was suffering on that lonely island three hundred miles to windward. The wheel was put hard down, the yards braced up, and the ship was hauled on the wind to try and beat to windward and rescue the remainder of the shipwrecked mariners.

The vessel proved to be the British bark "Catalina," Capt. Williams, from Newcastle, New South Wales, and bound for Siagon, Cochin China, and was seventy days out. If ever true and honest hearts beat in sailors' breasts, it was in those of Capt. Williams, his officers and crew; and may the praises of the British seamen be ever

sung in songs of glory, for they never forget the immortal words of the dying Nelson: "England expects every man to do his duty." Capt. Williams did his duty nobly, for to him we owe our lives.

The body of Peter Dawson was sewed up in canvas, and placed on a board on the quarter-deck covered with the American flag preparatory to burial; and as the sun tipped the waters of the Pacific, the burial service was read by Capt. Williams, the main topsail was laid to the mast, and these solemn words were read: "The dust returns to its dust, and the spirit unto God who gave it: therefore do we now commit the body of our departed brother to the deep, until that hour when earth and sea must give up their dead." The body was committed to the sea, there to rest until the last trump shall sound, when we all shall stand before our Maker to answer for the deeds done in the body, and to reap our judgment or reward. And may poor Dawson's reward be great, for he died as a volunteer, trying to save the lives of others.

Everything was done to lessen our sufferings, and we slowly improved. The wind and sea continued strong, and after four days of beating without any progress, the ship being iron and very

foul, the captain decided the quickest way to render assistance would be to square away for his destination, and send a steamer to the shipwrecked people. The ship was then headed on her course for Siagon.

Capt. Williams was an old trader in this part of the ocean, and informed me that the island we made was Oulan, but had we succeeded in landing we would no doubt have been quickly killed, as the natives on that island were an ugly tribe. We were kindly cared for until we reached Siagon. There the French consul was discharging the duties of American consul, the United States having no representative in that port. The consul was afraid to send us to Hong Kong in China, and would render us no assistance. Again there came to our rescue another true son of Great Britain. Mr. Founlett, the British consul, immediately took us in charge and sent us to Hong Kong to report to Colonel Mosby, the American consul. Colonel Mosby immediately communicated with Admiral Davis, commanding the Asiatic squadron, who ordered the American sloop-of-war *Essex*, Captain A. H. McCormick, then on duty guarding the American inhabitants of Sharmen from the hostilities of the Chinese, which at this time had ceased, to proceed to the rescue of the *Rainier's* crew.

The three men were sent to the hospital and I went on board the *Essex* under the surgeon's care, and under his treatment rapidly improved. We sailed from Hong Kong about the middle of March, calling at Naysaki for coal. The officers were kind-hearted, and filled with eager hopes as to the fate of the unfortunate castaways.

On our approach to the island of Ujea, boats were prepared and expeditions formed to search for the crew, should they not be found on arrival. Saturday, April 12, we arrived in the vicinity of Ujea, but no island could be seen, and after cruising for some hours an island was made which proved to be Lae, inhabited by cannibals, for I had been told by the king of Ujea not to call there in the boat, as they would kill me. As soon as the captain found out what island it was, I knew that a west course by compass, thirty miles, would take us to Ujea. The man-of-war was then headed west, and after steaming some twenty-five miles we saw the island of Ujea, but the weather being thick and rainy, we could only steam up to the land, and then head off shore for the night. About eight P.M. we ran close to the island, and the captain ordered a gun fired to let the anxious hearts, if alive, know that deliverance was near.

Morning dawned, and with it came more rain

and fog, it being the change of the monsoon. As soon as daylight came, so things could be seen, Capt. McCormick headed the steamer for the land, creeping in with the lead, and firing the big nine-inch gun. On near approach the fog lifted, and the island could be plainly seen, and natives running on the beach, but no sign of white people. We had grave doubts about finding any of the shipwrecked crew alive, but on rounding the island a white boat was seen, being pulled for the breakers on the reef which lined the island, and to us it seemed destruction for the boat to attempt to cross that heavy line of seething breakers, but it was pulled up to the reef and crossed in safety, and in a short time was alongside, and in it I recognized the first officer, Mr. H., and two seamen and two natives, and immediately informed Capt. McCormick, who sang out to the mate: "Is Mrs. H. alive, and are the crew all well?" Anxiously did that crew of one hundred and fifty men await the answer with foreboding thoughts. Hardly had the answer left Mr. H.'s lips, when there rung out three cheers for Mrs. H. and the *Rainier's* crew.

The boat came alongside, and Mr. H. in his tattered clothes and long beard, looking like a hermit of some unknown land, was warmly received by



Capt. McCormick, and none was more pleased to grasp his hand than I, who was glad to see him well, and know his wife, who was dear to us all, was safe.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BOUND FOR THE GOLDEN GATE.

AFTER the boat containing Mr. H. had left the Essex, the commander ordered the sixteen-oared pinnace lowered and manned, and in charge of Ensign Bitler to proceed as close to the island as practicable and bring off the shipwrecked people, who would be brought from the shore through the surf by the mate's boat, as he was used to landing through the surf. In many places around the island, deep recesses or ravines had been made in the coral by the wash of the seas, which made a good landing after running through the heavy surf, the deep cuts in the coral giving smooth water in which to haul up the boat.

The Essex lay to off the island until all were safely landed on board, and then steamed away along the Rawlic chain of islands in search of Capt. Morrison. Many islands were passed with no sign of the adventurers, and on the evening of the second day we arrived off the Bonam Islands. The ship was then hove to, to wait for daylight before entering the harbor of Jaluit. The shipwrecked people were kindly cared for by the offi-

cers of the Essex and plentifully supplied with clothes, and the sailors looked happy enough in their new outfits, with plenty of tobacco, their supply having all been used up a few weeks after the wreck.

The following morning, at daylight, the ship was headed for the land. After steaming up to the entrance of the atoll a gun was fired, and soon after a boat was seen with two men in it pulling around the end of the island, and on coming alongside gave the welcome news of the safe arrival of Capt. M. in the schooner. The Essex steamed into the harbor and came to anchor off the town close to the schooner Ujea, which had brought the captain and his crew safely to Jaluit.

The anchor had hardly been down, when Mr. Pfeiffer, the acting consul, came alongside in his boat, accompanied by Capt. Morrison. This was the first hospitable kindness which had been shown the latter since his arrival at the island. The captain was kindly received at the gangway by Commander McCormick and warmly welcomed on board of the Essex.

A more pitiful object could not be imagined, as sickness had reduced him to a mere skeleton, and being speechless, it was impossible to express his

gratitude to his rescuers. Father and daughter were clasped in each other's arms, and as Mrs. H. led him to a chair in the commander's cabin, many an eye was wet with tears at the sight; tears from those strong men whose lives are lives of hardship, but whose hearts are tender; tears of rejoicing to know that all were united once again, save the one that lay buried on lonely Ujea, with only a board with his name carved on it to mark the spot, and the one buried at sea.

The officers crowded around the captain, welcoming him on board of the Essex, and the tears rolling down his cheeks were his only reply—but they were tears of gratitude. He was immediately placed in charge of Surgeon M. L. Ruth, and under his care regained a part of his health and wanted vigor ere the Essex dropped her anchor in the harbor of Yokohama.

A fresh supply of coal was obtained at Jaluit which occupied some three days. The time was well occupied by the officers of the Essex, exploring the island and enjoying the cool breezes among the tropical groves.

Saturday, April 19, 1884, the anchor was weighed and the Essex steamed out of the lagoon and headed for Yokohama, Japan, and before night she was well clear of all land and coral reefs.

Surgeon Ruth's time for some days was taken up ministering to the captain, Mrs. H., and two of the crew who had been hurt on the island, and they were soon able to be about deck.

The time passed rapidly and pleasantly. The weather proved favorable, and the officers, by their quaint remarks and funny jokes, kept the passengers in good spirits. Lieut. McKensie, the executive officer, whose word was law, but whose kindness can never be forgotten, took Capt. Morrison under his special charge. Lieut. Parker, navigation officer, was never known to smile, and although extremely bashful, his open-hearted greetings and kindness made it pleasant to see him on the quarter-deck. Lieut. Reese, whose bridge duty seemed never ended, found time to compose the following piece for Mrs. H.'s autograph book:

#### BALLAD OF THE WRECK.

The wind murmured soft o'er the ocean,  
The Rainier sped fast o'er the sea,  
With queenly and confident motion,  
To a treacherous, pitiless lee!

A wreck rose and fell with the surging  
Of waves dashing angry and high;  
Brave souls, from destruction emerging,  
Found refuge on lonely Ujea.

Three months of the weariest waiting,  
Of gloom, desolation and care!  
Till hope, turning faint and abating,  
Grew nearly akin to despair.

At last came the morn of salvation,  
That dawns o'er the shadows of night,  
When cheers of our glad exultation  
Uprose with the shimmering light.

The Essex bore down in her beauty,  
The watchers were welcomed on board;  
The navy has done but a duty,  
Sweeter far than is wrought by the sword.

Lieut. Kelley, with his pleasant smile, would join the group that gathered on the quarter-deck, and while away a few moments with his quaint jokes. There were no dull moments on the Essex. If no one else could be found, Surgeon Ruth was ever ready to relate some funny incident, and if the story proved to be a lengthy one, it was sure to come to an abrupt termination by the sudden interruption of Lieut. Berryman with his "Blink, blink, blinky, blinky, blink."

Chief Engineer McCarty, whose dislike for the female sex was most profound, would join the quarter-deck after his afternoon nap and with his assistant, Mr. Bevington, whose words were few, would soon make it a most solemn gathering, only

to be broken by Paymaster York with some funny remarks.

Ensigns Bitler and Muir were ever ready to amuse and entertain, while the paymaster's clerk James, with his deep basso voice, was a welcome visitor on the quarter-deck.

It will not do to forget poor Miles, the bugler, whose afternoons were spent in the foretop practicing on his brass bugle; or Thomas, who supplied the commander's table with the choicest of viands. Too much praise can not be written of the officers and crew that manned the Essex. Each day, during the forenoon, the crew was drilled in different manoeuvres, and their handling of the big guns was marvelous.

One evening, after the lights were all out and the watch off deck in their hammocks, the call of "general quarters" was given. The alarm was quickly responded to by the crew, and in the short time of two minutes and twenty seconds the broad-side gun was run in and loaded with shotted shell, run out, and fired. The No. 2 gun was fired in two minutes and thirty-four seconds; No. 3 gun in three minutes and forty seconds; No. 4 gun in four minutes and forty-four seconds. The sight was a grand one and long to be remembered. To see the shells explode in mid-air, sending forth a

shower of sparks as the deadly missiles fell into the water, to the inexperienced in warfare, was unique. It was also pleasant to know that there was no large iron-clad near to return the fire. After the inspection by the first lieutenant, the guns were again run in and secured, and in a few moments all was quiet. No sound could be heard save the steady tread of the bridge officer, as he walked back and forth on the bridge, keeping his dreary watch.

On approaching the Japanese coast, the weather became more cold, tempestuous, and unpleasant. Quarter-deck gatherings were given up for the comfortable cabin, the time being occupied in reading, with which the cabin was well supplied.

On the morning of May 5, the green hills of Japan were sighted. Large, curious-shaped Japanese crafts were passed, and on near approach to Osima heads, many large outgoing steamers were passed, with their flags flying and saluting the Essex as she steamed along. At two P.M. the Kangarra light ship was passed, and at three P.M. the anchor was dropped in the harbor of Yokohama.

The ship was immediately surrounded by boats, but no one was allowed to come on board without permission from the commander.

The following day the United States Consul took charge of the shipwrecked crew and gave them comfortable quarters. The captain, and Mr. and Mrs. H. took quarters at the Hotel Windsor to await the arrival of a steamer for San Francisco.

A grand dinner was given by the wardroom officers, and the tables were loaded with the choicest of Japanese delicacies. The dinner was a grand success, and passed off pleasantly; and at an early hour the officers of the Essex and Rainier parted, with kind wishes for the future.

The waiting for the steamer for San Francisco was pleasantly enjoyed in visiting the various places of interest in and about Yokohama. A day was spent at Tokio, the capital of Japan, riding about in a jinrikisha hauled by two men who seemed never to get tired. On our return to Yokohama a day at the Cliff House and the one hundred steps was one long to be remembered.

May 15, the steamship Rio de Janeiro arrived, and the following day our baggage was taken on board and our comfortable quarters at the hotel, overlooking the beautiful harbor of Yokohama, were given up for small staterooms on board the steamer.

At 10.30 A.M., the mails and despatches came on board, and we bade adieu to the officers of

the Essex, who came to see us off. The lines were cast off, and we steamed down the harbor, saluting the Essex as we passed out into the broad Pacific and commenced our homeward voyage.

The cabin passengers were few, but very pleasant, and to get acquainted on an ocean steamship requires but a few hours. The cabin passengers consisted of the missionary, with his wife and daughter, who had spent years in trying to educate the "heathen Chinese" with but little success; the English tourist who had visited the East, and was now going to "do" America and finish his traveling education; the wealthy eastern sea captain who had accumulated a fortune on the "Yangtse," and was going to settle down in comfort in his native land; the chaplain from the British army in India, who was going home on leave of absence; the Yale graduate, and the merchant Chinaman who had made his fortune in America, and had been home to China to spend a part of it and was returning to make more money.

The weather proving cold and boisterous, the cabin was the most comfortable part of the ship, and the smoking-room being filled with tea, the social hall was appropriated for a smoking-room, much to the missionary's disgust. A smoke, and a game of cards or checkers, made the time pass

rapidly, and having found an old friend in the steward, Mr. James, his room was a place of retreat for yarns when all others failed to amuse. Meal hours found all the passengers in their appointed seats at the table.

Purser Freeman amused his table to the best of his ability, while that of the captain, Mr. R. R. Seale, was amused by the missionary and his quaint wife, whose boxes and bundles occupied the greater part of the cabin.

The evenings, after the missionary and wife had retired, were ended in a pillow fight, or chase the squirrel, much to the amusement of the missionary's lovely daughter, Olivia, who took an active part in the sport. Sunday mornings and evenings were spent in listening to sermons by the chaplain from the British army in India, who was a jolly shipmate.

All things must have an end, and so on the morning of May 4, the shores of California could be seen in the dim distance. At noon the bold headland of Port Keys was passed. At three P.M. the pilot came on board, and under his careful guidance the Rio de Janeiro steamed safely through the Golden Gate into the large and beautiful bay of San Francisco, and came to anchor in Mission Creek to await the visit of the quarantine

officer, to see that no sickness was on board, before any of the passengers could land.

The visiting doctor being in no hurry, the passengers were obliged to spend another night on the steamer, much to their disgust, and on the following morning she steamed to the dock and made fast to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's wharf.

Once again on native soil, after nine long, dreary months of hardships and privations!

The train sped none too fast over the Sierras and Rockies, carrying the shipwrecked people to their homes, and there was a glad day of rejoicing when the loved ones were once again united.

But death had visited the home and taken one whose fatherly greeting was anxiously longed for; one who for many months had wearily watched and waited for some gleam of intelligence from those who had sailed away from the shores of Maine. And when the joyous news came that they were safe, his joy could hardly be restrained, and then he lived and died anxiously awaiting for the coming home. He is now watching for our coming in the home above, and what a joyful meeting it will be,

"When over the river, the beautiful river,  
The angel of death shall carry me."

The Santa Clara Valley in California, is a lovely expanse ten miles in width, through the center of which winds the dry bed of a winter stream, whose course is marked by giant sycamores, their trunks gleaming like silver through masses of glossy foliage. Over the level floor of this valley are park-like groves of oaks, whose mingled grace and majesty can only be given by the pencil. In the distance are the redwoods, rising like towers. Westward is seen a mountain chain nearly four thousand feet in height, showing through the blue haze its dark-green forests on the background of blazing gold. Eastward lies another mountain chain, full-lighted by the sun; its rose color touched with violet shadows, shining with marvelous transparency. Overhead arches a sky, whose blue luster seems to fall in mellowed light through an intervening veil of luminous vapor. Here the Great Artist seems to have painted his creation with hues unknown elsewhere. On the lowest slope of these mountains, overlooking the valley, can be seen a cottage, embowered in acacia and eucalyptus, and guarded by tall spires of the Italian cypress. And here, surrounded by his family, contented and happy, the captain of the ill-fated Rainier has cast anchor in a peaceful haven.